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JOYCE'S USE OF THE COMMONPLACE IN FINNEGANS WAKE

by



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A Thesis

Submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies

in Partial Fulfillment of the

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The undersigned certify that they have read and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies for acceptance, a thesis entitled Joyce's Use of the Commonplace in Finnegans Wake, submitted by Janet Lander in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

ABSTRACT

The thesis discusses the problem of unintelligibility in Finnegans Wake and Joyce's purpose in writing a book in his own form of language. Is his use of the commonplace in Finnegans Wake essential to his artistic purpose? He uses not only commonplace events, but commonplace language. One of the elements of commonplace language is the cliché. Joyce uses the cliché in his treatment of the theme of love and the double theme of death and resurrection. These themes are part of a larger pattern - the fall, death and resurrection of the figures of history and myth, who are embodied in the bum-hero Here Comes Everybody. This larger pattern of the figures and events of history and myth brings out another more general meaning of the word "commonplace." Joyce's use of the commonplace, in both its wide and confined meanings, is essential to his purpose in writing Finnegans Wake.

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CHAPTER ONE

In this chapter I want to discuss a heavy and legitimate objection to Finnegans Wake by James Joyce. The loud complaint is that this book is unintelligible. Until this fundamental problem has been discussed, there is no point in talking about any other aspect of the book. Doing so would seem merely a scholastic exercise. In dealing with this negative objection, I want to bring out the positive side of the question too -- what was Joyce's purpose in writing so difficult a book as Finnegans Wake?

Let us first consider the problem of unintelligibility in Joyce's final work. Nora Joyce phrased it simply in 1927 when she asked her husband, "Why don't you write sensible books that people can understand?"¹ On first consideration, it seems that a book's primary purpose is to be intelligible. A writer writes in order to communicate something to his readers. Joyce has done this.

We need to look closer at what we mean when we say that certain writing is unintelligible. It may be obvious to say that "unintelligible" does not mean the same as "meaningless." If we find that a piece of writing is unintelligible, it means that we cannot get at its significance. It does not necessarily mean that the writing has no meaning for the reader to reach. Joyce himself remarked to Sisley Huddleston in 1927: "Critics who were most appreciative of Ulysses are complaining about my new work. They cannot understand it. Therefore they say it is meaningless. Now if it were meaningless it could be written quickly, without thought, without pains, without erudition; but

I assure you that these twenty pages now before us cost me twelve hundred hours and an enormous expense of spirit."²

A writer can fail to be understood by his readers when he lacks the ability or the mental stamina necessary to write intelligibly; that is, when he is either incompetent or mad.³ I do not think anyone who has read Finnegans Wake would doubt Joyce's competence as an artist or his sanity, though the author's purpose in writing such a book might be obscure. Anthony Burgess in his book Here Comes Everybody discusses the aspects of unintelligibility that relate to Finnegans Wake. He says:

A writer may be unintelligible when he is seeking a verbal equivalent for a state of mind not yet fully understood or a complex psychological experience that will not yield to ordinary language. He will be unintelligible when he is essaying extreme naturalism, trying, for example, to capture the quality of real-life language which is blurred through distance, drink, sleep, or madness. He will be unintelligible when he is deliberately separating language from its referents (the objects or concepts of real life to which language refers) in order to create a quasi-musical pattern. Finally, he may be unintelligible when he is so loading words with referents (usually a number of secondary associations that cluster round the denotation, or dictionary definition) that the reader becomes bewildered and does not see what the primary referent is. Joyce, if he is unintelligible at all, is unintelligible in all these non-pathologic ways, and they seem, on analysis, to be all artistically legitimate -- in other words, they all seem to aim at a mode of communication rather than a wanton muffling or quelling of sense.⁴

These four areas of unintelligibility which Anthony Burgess treats are all related to Joyce's purpose in writing Finnegans Wake. They are not only related to Joyce's purpose; they are inseparable from it.

What was his purpose then? In writing Finnegans Wake Joyce wanted to communicate by means of words what a dream is like -- not the dream as a literary convention, but the dream a person dreams when he is asleep. In Here Comes Everybody Anthony Burgess describes the

dream state Joyce in trying to convey in Finnegans Wake:

When life is freed from the restrictions of time and space, as it is in dreams, the mind makes less effort to sort out contradictions, or gentler ambiguities, and a word may ring freely, sounding all its harmonics. This free ringing, in a zone of psychological experience which has all the doors open, may well set jangling all the phonetic and etymological associations which the mind is capable of accomodating -- foreign languages not taught in public schools, songs little known in the great world of singing, scraps of conversation almost forgotten, dead slogans, posters long torn from their walls. Joyce was psychologically right in refusing to limit the associations of dream-words to what some abstract image of a reader or critic could most easily take in. In throwing vocables of great, though arbitrary, complexity at us he was being true to his principle of artistic communication.⁵

In other words, Joyce is communicating his concept and experience of what a dream is like, by means of both the structure and the complex language of the book.

Some critics of Joyce allow him his right of artistic freedom to convey the dream in a language similar to it. But they argue that Joyce should explain his language as he goes along. They accept his right to put his dream in any form he wants, but they demand a running commentary in explicatory language as well so that they can understand what is happening in the dream. For example, Harriet Weaver complained in a letter to Joyce in 1926:

. . . the worst of it is that without comprehensive key and glossary, such as you very kindly made out for me, the poor hapless reader loses a very great deal of your intention; flounders, helplessly, is in imminent danger, in fact, of being . . . totally lost to view . . . would it be utterly against the grain, your convictions and principles to publish (when the day comes), along with an ordinary edition, also an annotated edition (at double or treble price, say?) I throw this out as a mere suggestion.⁶

The difficulty with Harriet Weaver's suggestion is that any clear ex-

planation on the part of the author would only dissipate the dream. An actual dream can be vivid but it is very hard to render it in words afterwards. Joyce's dream of Finnegans Wake is equally hard to render in ordinary words. He created a language to suit the simultaneous and multiple effect of dreams. This language is part of the dream. Anthony Burgess points out practical difficulties involved in the business of annotation by the author. He says, "A barrage of glosses, whether concentrated at the end, as with The Waste Land, or slyly worked into the text would have made the whole book look even more fearsome than it looks already; moreover, it would have impaired the artful spontaneity, rendered the dream less dreamlike."⁷

We can see, then, that an edition of Finnegans Wake annotated by Joyce would have been contrary to his purpose. He wanted to communicate by means of words what a dream is like. Therefore, his words had to be dreamlike too. His words are the dream.

Another criticism which is closely related to the language difficulty for readers of Finnegans Wake came in 1926 from Ezra Pound in a letter to Joyce:

Mss. arrived this a.m.; all I can do is to wish you every possible success.

I will have another go at it; but up to present I make nothing of it whatever. Nothing so far as I make out, nothing short of divine vision or a new cure for the clapp can possibly be worth all that circumambient peripherization.

Doubtless there are patient souls, who will wade through anything for the sake of a possible joke but having no inkling whether the purpose of the author is to amuse or to instruct in somma Up to the present I have found diversion in the Tristan and Iseult paragraphs that you read years ago . . . mais apart ça . . .

. . . . and in any case I dont see that which has to do with where
⁸

Pound said to Joyce later, "Nothing would be worth plowing through like this, except the Divine Vision -- and I gather its not that sort of thing."⁹ Pound's chief difficulty is that he cannot see Joyce's purpose in creating a language so difficult to penetrate. Therefore he does not think that the language is worth wading through. His objection can be phrased perhaps too concisely as "why bother?"

Joyce himself gives the clearest explanation of what he is doing and why. His explanation gives the best theoretical reason I know for reading Finnegans Wake. He told Ezra Pound, "One great part of every human existence is passed in a state which cannot be rendered sensible by the use of wideawake language, cutanddry grammar and goahead plot."¹⁰ For me, this reason is more basic than any other. We spend about one-third of each day sleeping, and a varying part of that time dreaming. Psychologists have said enough about dreams for us to know that they are an important part of our lives. I know that often events in my dreams become so mingled with actual events in my life that I sometimes forget if a past event was actual or dreamed. Dreams play an important enough part in my life for me to be interested in any attempt to render the dream in literature. To put it more objectively, dreams are one of the commonplaces of human existence -- commonplace in the sense that everyone has them. Comparatively few efforts have been made to put this commonplace into words, to make the dream "the whole essence of a work of epic proportions."¹¹ As Anthony Burgess puts it, "Genuine dream-stuff is, before Finnegans Wake, to be found perhaps only in Alice, Clarence's big speech in Richard III, Kafka (though he presents less dream than sick hallucination), Dostoesvsky, and the Bible."¹² (I

strongly disagree with Burgess' evaluation of Kafka's writing, which has more the quality of nightmare than of "sick hallucination.")

Joyce was always interested in dreams. In his biography James Joyce, Richard Ellmann says, "Joyce wished . . . to invade the world of dreams. From his youth in Dublin, in spite of his distaste for Freud, he had taken a great interest in dreams, his own and other people's, and in their interpretation. In Zurich he often talked about dreams with Budgen, and in Paris with other friends."¹³ Joyce told Edmond Jaloux that his novel would be written "to suit the esthetic of the dream, where the forms prolong and multiply themselves, where the visions pass from the trivial to the apocalyptic, where the brain uses the roots of vocable to make others from them which will be capable of naming its phantasms, its allegories, its allusions."¹⁴ Joyce felt that ordinary language was incapable of depicting the effect of the dream.

Language and its syntax are caught in linear time. It cannot express simultaneous events unless it is changed. Anthony Burgess describes the inability of normal language to express dreams:

In dreams we are released from the limitations of the spatio-temporal world. That world insists on one event following another and on keeping identities distinct, so that A cannot occupy the same bit of time-space as B, nor can A ever become B. But a dream permits Jonathan Swift to be also the Tristram that fell in love with Iseult and, at one and the same time, Parnell. A dream permits one's wife to become confused with one's daughter. In a dream Napoleon can defeat Wellington, and in the year A.D. 1132 at that. Dreams represent, however feebly, the world we all long for, a world of infinite plasticity.

To represent a dream convincingly, one needs a plastic language, a language in which the objects or persons can subsist in one and the same word. More than that, one requires a technique for killing the time-element that resides in all language. I say, in waking language, 'My corpse will eventually fertilise the earth and help

the crops to grow,' and that spatial process loses its quality of miracle (from death comes life) because of the dilution caused by the time-bound verb and adverb. Joyce throws the whole structure overboard, uses simple metathesis: 'corpse' becomes 'cropse.'¹⁵

Joyce in his own way explains the inadequacy of ordinary language to depict the dream state. He said to Max Eastman:

In writing of the night, I really could not, I felt I could not, use words in their ordinary connection. Used that way they do not express how things are in the night, in the different stages -- conscious, then semi-conscious, then un-conscious. I found that it could not be done with words in their ordinary relations and connections. When morning comes of course everything will be clear again I'll give them back their English language. I'm not destroying it for good.¹⁶

If, then, we realize that Joyce's creation of a new, simultaneous language was necessary for his communication of the dream as it is, the difficult language of Finnegans Wake is psychologically much easier to confront. What was considered a language barrier in the book now can be seen as a necessity for the writing of the dream Finnegans Wake. Joyce's "unintelligibility" becomes the unintelligibility and confusion of dreams. As Burgess says, "We live primarily in a waking world, and we cannot be expected to understand everything that takes place in the world of dream. Hence dream-language must often deliberately conceal things from us: it must appear to us as strange, almost gibberish -- a non-stop babble which throws up images of the non-time-space-world only intermittently."¹⁷

But even though this "unintelligibility," this simultaneity of language was necessary to Joyce for the writing of his book, Ezra Pound's question still haunts us. Is it worthwhile to the reader to struggle through the difficult language of Finnegans Wake? Each reader

must decide for himself. Joyce's work is a verbal rendering of the dream state familiar to everyone.

The main difficulty I have in accepting Finnegans Wake as a verbal expression of the dream is that from my experience dreams are not essentially verbal or aural. For me, dreams are mainly visual and emotional -- things happen and I react psychologically within the dream to these events. Joyce's preoccupation with words and their sounds may have made his own dreams more verbal and aural.

The interest I have in Finnegans Wake is in Joyce's use of the banal or commonplace elements of life in his book. His use of structure and language in Finnegans Wake is his communication of the dream state familiar to everyone. Dreams are commonplace in this sense only, for often bizarre and unusual events occur in them.

In Finnegans Wake, as in the dream, commonplace events and people are worked simultaneously with great figures and events of myth and history. As Burgess puts it, "We seem to see a woman who is also a river and a man who is also a city. Time dissolves; we have a glimpse of eternity. And the eternal vision is made out of muddy water, old saws, half-remembered music-hall songs, gossip, and the stain on a pair of underpants."¹⁸ In more general terms, Joyce is combining the great and the lowly aspects of life in his dream-book. But he does this by his use of simultaneous language. His combination is not the linear joining of opposing and similar things and people, but the union of several of these at once. In Joyce's language "eternal myths are expressed in exactly caught baby-talk, the slobbering of the crone in the jug-and-bottle, or a poor silly song on the radio."¹⁹ Joyce's use of

the commonplace is coupled with his use of the actual and conceivable events of myth and history.²⁰ Richard Ellmann says, "For Joyce no individual is so unusual and no situation so distinct as not to echo other individuals and situations."²¹ This partly answers the question of why Joyce uses commonplace events and characters and their speech. To the objection of triviality Joyce replied, "Yes. Some of the means I use are trivial -- and some are quadrivial."²² His reply is to the point. He does use trivial elements as the content of Finnegans Wake, but only as part of his whole scheme. His use of the banal is only to contrast with or to bring out similarities in the historical and mythic elements. To look at the negative side of the question, to ignore the commonplace would not communicate the dream in its entirety or fullness. To ignore commonplace people and events would be to ignore the essence of dream, which is based on the ordinary things that happen to us and the people we meet. Thus, Joyce's use of the banal is essential to his communication of the dream.

CHAPTER TWO

Life is made up of many ordinary, commonplace events. These events are communicated from one person to another by means of language. Language has the potential to benumb or vitalize the telling of these events. Clichés benumb the expression of subject matter. H.W. Fowler in A Dictionary of Modern English Usage describes the cliché as:

A French name for such hackneyed phrases as, not being the simple or natural way of expressing what is to be expressed, have served when first used as real improvements on that in some particular context, but have acquired an unfortunate popularity and come into general use even where they are not more but less suitable to the context than plain speech. Such are 'to be made the recipient of' for to be given 'the devouring element' for fire, 'make the supreme sacrifice' for die in battle, 'stand to reason' for be obvious.²³

The cliché is an expression which no longer suits its purpose. The explosion, or fragmentation and reshuffling, of the cliché vitalizes the expression of subject matter and again releases the energy of language. The subject matter is neutral; it has the potential of being expressed in a banal or a marvellous way.

Joyce turns many stereotyped expressions into forceful speech by exploding them. The old clichés are still perceptible but their transformation forms the impact of Joycean language. Language, then, can be the vehicle of the banal or the marvellous. However, Joyce uses as the content of Finnegans Wake, not the neutral subject matter, but the banal expressions themselves. He starts, not with neutral events, but with events which have been rendered banal by the use of clichéd descriptive language. These banal expressions he turns into his own particular style of language, his own particularly explosive language.

Thus Joyce begins behind the starting point. The content of Finnegans Wake is not merely a neutral variation of subject matter. The content is material which has already been put into clichéd expressions, subject matter which language has already rendered lifeless.

Let me put it another way. What I am saying is that one of the components of banal speech, commonplace speech, is the cliché. The cliché is worn-out and inadequate. It is only one way of expressing an idea and that way, as Fowler points out, is no longer functional. Joyce uses the cliché but transforms it and adds to it from several directions at once. In the language of Finnegans Wake there are no longer one-sided clichés, but many-sided expressions. I purposely omit to say that Joyce's language in Finnegans Wake contains many-sided expressions of an idea. For I think that Samuel Becket is right when he says, "Joyce worked seventeen years to push the work away from 'meaning;' adrift back into language He had his attention fixed on people talking not on what the words 'really' meant."²⁴ I think Joyce was primarily concerned with creating a vital language. This does not mean to say that writing a vital language was his only concern. Joyce created a language that simultaneously expresses many ideas, ideas which are just as many-faceted as the form which expresses them.

To return to the subject of the one-sided cliché, I have said that the cliché is one of the materials Joyce is working with. This may seem to be a narrow way of looking at the world-book of Finnegans Wake. However, we are reminded that there are clichés wherever language is used. Every field of scholarship is burdened with its own clichés. The fields of politics, trade, business, advertising, journalism -- each has

its favourite set of clichés. In working with the cliché, Joyce is tapping a form which contains much of the energy of language in a stored form. By exploding the cliché, he brings back into his language an energy that has been stereotyped too long already.

In order to ascertain how Joyce uses the cliché, let us review the ideas of "material" and "expression," or closer to what is rapidly becoming a cliché in the study of literature, "content" and "form." To me, "content" means the raw materials with which the artist works. For example, the "material" or "content" of the potter's vase is the clay -- that is what he works with. I would also include under his materials the components of the glazes he mixes. The potter's "expression" or "form" is the distinctive shape and color he gives his vase. The painter's "content" is his canvas and his paints. His "form" is the shape or non-shape his painting takes.

Concerning Joyce, then, and his last book, I consider the content of Finnegans Wake to be language -- this is the material Joyce is working with. But the content of the book is also the various forms language has taken. To put it another way, Joyce worked with the language as he found it, with its clichés and inadequacies already formed. Concerning the form of Finnegans Wake, or the specific shape Joyce gave to the language as he found it, that is distinctly Joyce's own. From the dead and living forms of language, Joyce created his own distinctive speech. This language is not in danger of falling back into cliché from overuse, nor from any inadequacy or one-sided approach. Joyce's language is many-sided, diverse. He who reads and speaks it is assailed from all directions at once.

In discussing what I understand by "content" and "form," I have deliberately avoided discussing "subject matter" which can be confused with the first two concepts. The vase that the potter makes is his subject matter. Whether it is a beautiful vase or not depends on the type of clay used, the "content," or the shape or "form" worked by the potter, and on the potter himself. We can say that the vase is neutral subject matter in itself -- it has the potential to be beautiful or ugly.

The idea of "subject matter" is perhaps easier to see in the realm of painting. A rose, for example, is the subject matter. It can be portrayed in painting well or badly. As a subject, it has the potential to be portrayed on canvas badly or it can become a work of art. We can understand the neutrality of subject matter as such as we view the gradual disappearance of practically all recognizable subject matter in modern painting and sculpture. Painting has escaped from its past duty of having to portray something, of having to use subject matter at all. Now its emphasis is on content, or a variety of new paints and materials, and on form, or the shape these materials take on the canvas.

When I speak of subject matter in Finnegans Wake I am referring to this same neutral subject matter, which can be described in commonplace, clichéd language or in a language that makes the subject matter appear marvellous and many-sided. This subject matter is described by James S. Atherton in The Books at the Wake:

. . . I will try to summarize what appears to me . . . to be the subject of the Wake. An article in the Strand Magazine once described an

attempt to discover what the typical woman looked like by photographing thousands of women and then combining all the negatives into a single print. They called the result 'Eve.' Joyce is making a similar experiment in Finnegans Wake where he presents us with the story of one man and his family as a paradigm of universal history by telling, at the same time and in the same words, as many similar stories as he can contrive to collect and superimpose.

The man lives in Chapelizod with his wife and three children. He is a publican and has been a sinner. All men have been sinners. Indeed he is all men: 'Here Comes Everybody' they call him; and when his wife speaks to him as she is dying we cannot be sure whether she addresses him as Finn or Brian Boru, or even as the sea itself; although at times he has seemed to be all cities while she was all the rivers. The youngest children are twin boys who play the parts of all the warring brothers in history or legend. The daughter is all the young girls who have ever been loved by old men.

But as we look at them we know that the boys will become the father and the daughter will become the mother. And all the time we suspect that we are looking, through innumerable superimposed disguises, at a portrait of the artist and his family in prose which deliberately and mischievously leaves out the distinguishing facts.²⁵

Atherton's description of the subject matter of Finnegans Wake is the clearest one I have found so far. While still discussing the subject matter of Finnegans Wake, I would like to make it as clear as possible before moving on. So I will stop here to make an apparent digression into the explanation of three names in the above quotation by

Atherton. The first is Chapelizod, or Chapelle d'Iseut,²⁶ where Here Comes Everybody and his family live. Frances M. Boldereff, in Reading Finnegans Wake, a book which gives the Irish historical and mythical references to Finnegans Wake, describes Chapelizod as "a hamlet near Dublin, which was supposed to be the birthplace of Isolde, beloved of Tristram and daughter of Aengus, King of Ireland."²⁷ Adaline

Glasheen in A Second Census of Finnegans Wake describes Chapelizod with more reference to Joyce's work as an "... environ of Dublin on the Liffey. Its name is popularly derived from the chapel or tower of

Isolde of Ireland, hence all references to it are references to Issy, [HCE's daughter] who is the Chapel Perilous of the Grail Quest of Finnegans Wake. HCE's inn is in Chapelizod and parallels Shakespeare's Globe, likewise situated in an environ of a great city and on the city's river."²⁸

The second name in the quotation from James Atherton is the name of Finn. Atherton is referring to Finn MacCool, but Joyce when he uses the name Finn in his various word combinations, including the title of his book Finnegans Wake, can also be referring to Father Finn, Huckleberry Finn, and Tim Finnegan. Father Finn is the "Jesuit author of boys' books. Claud Lightfoot and Ethelred Preston are two of his creations."²⁹ Huckleberry Finn is the title and hero of Mark Twain's novel. According to Adaline Glasheen, "Joyce was probably interested in Huck Finn because of his name and because he and Tom Sawyer are 'resurrected.' Huck and Tom may be Shem and Shaun, [HCE's two sons] but Joyce makes little of this. Huck Finn is mentioned in Finnegans Wake rather than used. Bits of his language occur here and there -- 'fantolds,' 'no sluch of a name,' etc."³⁰ Tim Finnegan is a character in an anonymous ballad,³¹ the reading of which helped me to understand a little more the gist of Finnegans Wake. The ballad runs thus:

Tim Finnegan lived in Walker Street,
 An Irish gentleman, mighty odd;
 He's a bit of a brogue, so neat and sweet,
 And to rise in the world, Tim carried a hod.
 But Tim had a sort of tippling way:
 With a love of liquor Tim was born,
 And to help him through his work each day,
 Took a drop of the creature every morn.

Chorus

Whack! Hurroo! now dance to your partner!
 Welt the flure, your trotters shake:
 Isn't it the truth I've told ye,
 Lots of fun at Finnegans Wake?

One morning Tim was rather full,
 His head felt heavy and it made him shake.
 He fell from the ladder and broke his skull,
 So they carried him home, his corpse to wake.
 They tied him up in a nice clean sheet,
 And laid him out upon the bed,
 Wid a gallon of whiskey at his feet,
 And a barrel of porter at his head.

Chorus

His friends assembled at his wake.
 Missus Finnegan called out for lunch,
 And first they laid in tay and cake,
 Then pipes and tobacco and whiskey punch.
 Miss Biddy Moriarty began to cry;
 'Such a purty corpse did yez ever see?
 Arrah, Tim mavourneen, an' why did ye die?'
 'Hold yer gob,' sez Magee.

Chorus

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job.
 'Arrah, Biddy,' sez she, 'yer wrong, I'm sure.'
 But Biddy gave her a belt in the gob,
 And laid her sprawling on the flure.
 Each side in war did soon engage;
 'Twas woman to woman and man to man;
 Shillelah law was all the rage,
 And a bloody ruction soon began.

Chorus

Micky Maloney raised his head,
 When a gallon of whiskey flew at him;
 It missed, and falling on the bed,
 The liquor scattered over Tim.
 'Och, he revives! See how he raises!'
 And Timothy, jumping up from bed,
 Sez, 'Whirl yer liquor around like blazes --
 Souls to the devil! D'ye think I'm dead?'

Chorus³²

There are a good many versions of this ballad.³³ The Tim Finnegan
 sung about here has some qualities in common with Here Comes Everybody

in Finnegans Wake. Both are fond of drink, and HCE runs a tavern as well. Both are fond of women, both, like Humpty Dumpty, "had a great fall." And both revive again after dying. The element of a lively fight is not lacking either in the ballad about Tim Finnegan or in Joyce's book.

To return to Finn MacCool, referred to in my quotation of James Atherton, Frances Boldereff in Reading Finnegans Wake gives a historic description of him:

The celebrated Finn MacCumhaill, poet and warrior, was contemporary with Cormac. He was educated for the poetic profession and studied under Cethern, the son Fintan, but having taken more freedom with one of the daughters of Monarch Conn at Tara than her father approved of, the young bard was obliged to fly the court and abandon his gentle profession for the more rough and dangerous one of arms. Finn lived to the year 283, when he was killed by Aichleach at Ath Brea on the Boyne. Finn was succeeded by his sons, Oisin and Fergus, and their cousin Cailté, all of whose writings are found in the Dinn Seanchas.

He was the last commander of the select militia, set up to protect Ireland from invaders, called Fenians, or associatedly, the Fian.

Dr. O'Curry³⁴ states it as his belief that 'it is quite a mistake to suppose Finn MacCamhaill to have been imaginary or mythological. Much that is narrated of his exploits is apocryphal, but Finn himself is an undoubtedly historical personage and that he lived at about the time his appearance is recorded in the Annals is as certain as that Julius Caesar lived. His pedigree is fully recorded on the unquestionable authority of the Book of Leinster, in which he is set down as the son of Cumhall, who was the son of Trenmore, son of Snaelt, son of Eltan, son of Baiscni, son of Nuad Necht, who was of the Heremonian race and monarch of Erin about A.M. 5090, according to the Four Masters, that is, 110 B.C.'³⁵.

Adaline Glasheen in A Second Census of Finnegans Wake gives a mythic description of Finn MacCool related to Joyce's work. Finn is a

. . . giant hero (Boethius makes him fifteen cubits high) of the southern (or later or Fenian or Ossianic) cycle of Irish Legend. Fallen, his head is the Head of Howth, his feet stick up in Phoenix Park, his body supports the city of Dublin. There is a tradition that he still lives underground and will come again, like Arthur, at his country's need;

daring men have sometimes penetrated his hiding place and spoken with him.

Finn was son of Cumal, husband of Saar and Grania, father of Ossian, grandfather of Oscar. Finn MacCool is sometimes said to mean 'White Head' sometimes 'White Hat.' Throughout Finnegans Wake Joyce plays with Finn and other Irish words, fionn (white, fair, beautiful); fion (wine . . .); fiongal (fratricide or murder). I believe the Irish pronounce Finn as it were 'Fewn' -- hence he turns up in many 'funerals' in Finnegans Wake.

Under Cormac, king of Ireland, Finn led the Fianna or Fenians, a military body which went round being heroic. Finn was the wisest, most generous, most courageous of these heroes, and some say he was a poet, too. He had touched the salmon of wisdom with his thumb and had only to suck it to know anything at all. Finn was treacherously slain by the henchmen of his hereditary enemy Goll. His dog was named Bran.
.

In Finnegans Wake Finn is the heroic, epic role of HCE. References to him are so tightly woven with references to Tim Finnegan that the two can only be arbitrarily separated

Joyce told Dr. Daniel O'Brien that Finnegans Wake was 'about' Finn MacCool lying dying beside the Liffey, while history cycles through his mind . . . Joyce told other people that Finnegans Wake was 'about' other things. I doubt he ever absolutely lied, but I am sure he equivocated like crazy.³⁶

The final name in my quotation from Atherton I would like to explain is Brian Boru. According to Adaline Glasheen he was an "Irish hero-king who defeated the Danes at Clontarf in 1041. He was known as the 'Terror of the Danes,' but was slain by a Dane, Brodhar, after the battle."³⁷ Frances Boldereff in Reading Finnegans Wake gives a fuller description of Brian Borumha, who was

. . . monarch of Ireland, born 925, began reign 1002. The foreigners of the west of Europe assembled against Brian. A spirited, fierce, violent, vengeful and furious battle was fought between the foreigners and Brian's army the likeness of which was not to be found at that time, at Cluaintarbh, i.e. the Plain, Lawn or Meadow of the Bulls, now Clontarf, near the city of Dublin. The Danes were better armed than the Irish, for they had one thousand men dressed in armour from head to foot. In a dialogue between the Banshee Ocibhill and the hero, the former is represented as advising the latter to shun the battle as the Gaedhill were dressed only in satin shirts, while the Danes were one mass of iron. This battle took place on Good Friday, year 1014. In this battle Brian, son of Ceinneidigh, monarch of Ireland, who was the Augustus of all the West or Europe, was slain in the 88th year of his

age.

The ten hundred in armour were cut to pieces and at least three thousand of the foreigners were slain.

Maclmuire, son of Eochaidh, successor of Patrick, proceeded with the seniors and relics to Swords, in the county of Dublin and they carried from thence the body of Brian, king of Ireland and Murchadh, his son, and the head of Conaing and the head of Mothla. Maclmuire and his clergy waked the bodies with great honor and veneration and the bodies were interred at Art-Macha in a new tomb.

It would seem a reproach to the bards of Brian's day to suppose that an event so proudly national as his victory, so full of appeal to the heart as well as to the imagination, should have been suffered to pass unsung. And yet though some poems in the native language are still extant, supposed to have been written by an Ollamh, or Doctor of Poetry, attached to the court of Brian and describing the solitude of the halls of Kincore, after the death of their royal master, there appears to be, in none of these ancient poems, an allusion to the inspiring theme of Clontarf. By the bards of the north, however, the field of death and the name of its veteran victor, Brian, were not so lightly forgotten. Traditions of the dreams and portentous appearances that preceded the battle formed one of the mournful themes of Scaldic song and a Norse ode of this description which has been made familiar to English readers, breathes, both in its feeling and imagery, all that gloomy wildness which might be expected from an imagination darkened by recollections of defeat.³⁸

I have been discussing the subject matter of Finnegans Wake, which is, as James Atherton points out, the story of one man and his family. But is this not a subject which is essentially neutral? It has the potential of being described in a commonplace way or in an intriguing way, just as the potter's vase has the potential of being a cheap or a beautiful object.

Again, the content of Finnegans Wake is language, both alive and stereotyped, as Joyce found it. Joyce is reported to have said, "It is not I who am writing this crazy book. It is you, and you, and you, and that man over there, and that girl at the next table."³⁹ I think one interpretation of this statement is that the everyday language of ordinary people is the content of the Wake. The form of the book is Joyce's own language. One could say that the form of Finnegans Wake is Finnegans Wake. It is itself, its own complete form of art.

CHAPTER THREE

The areas of subject matter I will be discussing with regard to Finnegans Wake are extremely broad. You could say they are too broad even to discuss. They are the areas of love and death. But they are as closely connected with Finnegans Wake as they are with any novel. Or as Joyce puts it:

I might easily have written this story in the traditional manner. Every novelist knows the recipe.. It is not very difficult to follow a simple, chronological scheme which the critics will understand. But I, after all, am trying to tell the story of this Chapelized family in a new way. Time and the river and the mountain are the real heroes of my book. Yet the elements are exactly what every novelist might use: man and woman, birth, childhood, night, sleep, marriage, prayer, death. There is nothing paradoxical about all this. Only I am trying to build many planes of narrative with a single esthetic purpose.⁴⁰

The subject matter of Joyce's last book is what any novelist could use. It is essentially neutral material.

I will begin with the subject matter of love, an account of which can be made dull or exciting by the use of clichéd or vital language. Since Joyce is using language, clichés and all, as his content, the clichés are often detectable even in their transformed state. Clichés are the commonplace content of Finnegans Wake. Anthony Burgess puts it another way:

Joyce, writing one of the most difficult books of all time, at least bases it on very lowly material. He takes his theme of death and resurrection from a vaudeville song and, working out his theme, makes more references to popular art than to the best that has ever been thought and said. This is conformity with the dream-maker's technique of building his elaborate structures out of shreds and patches⁴¹

The subject matter of love has many aspects. One basic aspect

I will discuss, with the help or hindrance of parts of Finnegans Wake, is sex. How could Joyce escape it? It plays its part in "The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly." According to Frances Boldereff in Reading Finnegans Wake, the name of the ballad is connected with four people in Irish history:

In the Easter Rising -- Padraic Pearse was shot by the English as a leader of the Rebellion. John Boyle O'Reilly (1844 - 1890) poet and revolutionary, was born at Dowth Castle on the Boyne River near Newgrange and the tumulus of Dowth. He edited the Boston Pilot which gained the support of the Irish in America for the Irish people in their struggles for freedom, particularly in connection with the National Land League, headed by Parnell. The O'Rahilly who had opposed the Rising, but had gone out in it because he felt himself committed if the action had once been taken, in dashing from their headquarters in the General Post Office, then in flames, was shot dead. Persse was the maiden name of Lady Gregory.⁴²

However Adaline Glasheen does not see that Joyce's use of his title "Persse O'Reilly" and its variations relates to any of these people. She says:

You would expect the name to tie on to Patrick Pearse of the Easter Rebellion, or to Lady Gregory (née Persse), but I cannot see that it does. Persse O'Reilly does tie on to St. Peter, Raleigh, and Percival. He is firmly tied to Shakespeare, or at any rate to Shakespeare pretenders by the fact that Finnegans Wake 44. 10-14 'Here line the refrains of. Some vote him Vike, some mote him Mike, some dub him Llyn and Phin while others hail him Lug Bug Dan Lop, Lex, Lax, Gunne or Guinn. Some apt him Arth, some bapt him Barth, Coll, Noll, Soll, Will, Weel, Wall, but I parse him Persse O'Reilly else he's called no name at all.' echoes the dedication of a book by Brig. Gen. S.A.E. Hickson, The Prince of Poets, 1926: 'In Memory of One of the Greatest Men Who Had No Name of His Own But Who May Be Called by a Whole Library of names: Gascoigne -- Laneham -- Immerito -- Lyly -- Broke -- Gosson -- Webbe -- Puttenham -- Watson -- Lodge -- Daniel -- Greene -- Nash -- Peele -- Marlowe -- Spenser -- Cervantes -- Montaigne -- Bacon -- and Shakespeare.'⁴³

Frances Boldereff and Adaline Glasheen provide two different sets of

sources from which Joyce may have drawn his title of the ballad.

In *Finnegans Wake* "The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly" is one of the many forms which gossip takes of Here Comes Everybody's misbehaviour in the park.⁴⁴ As the ballad progresses, we realize that it is not a telling of one event in HCE's life -- the episode in the park -- but of the main events of his whole life.

The stanzas of the ballad I will quote refer to the subject of love, and to its particular aspect of sex -- that is why I have chosen them. But these subjects are only a part of the life of the bum-hero HCE, and only one of the many themes of the book. I would like to add that love is only one theme brought out even in these two stanzas of "The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly:"

It was during some fresh water garden pumping
Or, according to the Nursing Mirror, while admiring
the monkeys

That our heavyweight heathen Humpharey
Made bold a maid to woo

(Chorus) Woohoo, what'll she doo!
The general lost her maidenloo!

He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded
philosopher,

For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.
Begob, he's the crux of the catalogue

Of our antediluvial zoo,

(Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Co.
Noah's larks, good as noo.(46-47)

Perhaps the most direct way of approaching the clichés and commonplaces of speech which are the content of this quotation is to point them out, then show what Joyce has done with them. The clichés I can find are only the most obvious ones, and I will probably miss many of these. If there are words or lines in the quotation that I ignore, it is because

I can find in them no relevance to the topic I am discussing. This does not mean that these words or lines have no relevance to the topic; it simply means that I am unable to find it.

The clichés and commonplaces of speech which appear relevant to the sexual aspect of love begin, for me, in the second line of the ballad, but I would first like to point out the phrase in the first line, "fresh water garden pumping," which suggests to me the elements to which Here Comes Everybody and Anna Livia Plurabelle (the father and mother of the family) return towards the end of Finnegans Wake; namely The River Liffey and the earth or Dublin.

In the second line of the ballad the phrase "while admiring the monkeys" evokes the clichéd idea that we are all descended from the apes and are just a whole lot of animals anyway. This cliché does tie in with the sexual aspect of love, since sex is considered part of our animal behaviour.

In the third line the phrase "our heavyweight heathen Humpharey," which refers to HCE, suggests a person of physical prowess and the he-man muscles to go with it. This is a common idea though not a cliché that women like strong-looking virile men. The name Humphrey, coupled as it is with "heavyweight," suggests to me someone of heavy build, but it has an opposite meaning. According to Adaline Glasheen's A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, Humphrey also refers to the Good Duke Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester (1341 - 1447) who " . . . was called 'Good' because he patronized letters. 'To dine with Duke Humphrey' means to go without dinner. He is a character in Shakespeare's 2 Henry IV, Henry V, 1 and 2 Henry VI. A lost or never existing play, Duke Humphrey, a

Tragedy, was attributed to Shakespeare in 1653."⁴⁵ Thus the name Humphrey in Joyce's ballad carries with it at least three connotations; a he-man, a man of letters, and the downfall of a tragic hero. All these characteristics Joyce attributes to the Humpty Dumpty figure of HCE.

The sixth line "The general lost her maidenloo!" embodies the clichéd expression "I met my Waterloo" which refers to the Battle of Waterloo Napoleon lost to the Duke of Wellington in 1815. But Joyce's phrase has sexual overtones, for "maidenloo" refers to the maid's maidenhead or virginity, which is equated with Napoleon's loss of a battle.

It is apparent that Joyce is making use of two forms of clichés -- clichéd ideas and clichéd expressions. Both types of clichés seem to have the same characteristics. I explained my view in chapter two that a certain expression is a cliché because it is only one way of saying a thing. It becomes "worn-out" because that one way soon passes out of fashion. As proof of this, I found that when I consulted A Dictionary of Clichés by Eric Partridge, some of the clichés listed are already out of date; that is, they are no longer used. An example is "the tablets of the memory," which Partridge describes as "The memory as a book wherein events and incidents are recorded: late 19th to 20th century; obsolescent. Novelettish, as in 'indelibly impressed upon the tablets of her memory.'"⁴⁶ A cliché which is still in use is "kill or cure" or "it's (a case of) kill or cure," which Partridge defines as "Drastic action or treatment that will ruin or set all right: mid 19th century to 20th. From medicines that will cure -- or prove fatal."⁴⁷

Clichés pass out of fashion because they are only one way of expressing an idea. This one way cannot possibly take into account all the other ways of expressing that idea. It is interesting to note that most of the clichés Partridge lists came into use in the nineteenth century, and many are still in use.

A clichéd expression is a fashionable, one-sided way of saying something. A clichéd idea is one that has been expressed so frequently in a certain way that the expression has become the idea. For example, the expression of Darwin's theory shrank to the cliché "survival of the fittest." This is an extremely narrow expression of Darwin's theories put forward in his work, the Origin of Species, published in 1859.

Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable (1898) describes the theory concisely, which proved that

. . . the numerous species now existing on the earth sprang originally from one or at most a few primal forms; and that the present diversity is due to special development and natural selection. Those plants and creatures which are best suited to the conditions of their existence survive and become fruitful; [whence the cliché 'survival of the fittest'] certain organs called into play by peculiar conditions of life grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, till they become so much a part and parcel of their frames as to be transmitted to their offspring. The conditions of life being very diverse, cause a great deal of diversity of organic development, and, of course, every such diversity which has become radical is the parent of a new species.⁴⁸

The cliché cannot take into account all the aspects of an idea. Joyce, in his particular language, is building onto the one-sided cliché all the other aspects of the idea he is trying to express. He multiplies the facets of the cliché.

To return to "The Ballad of Persse O' Reilly," the words "ante-

diluvial zoo" refer again to the animal qualities of HCE, but "antediluvial" means "before the flood," which can refer both to Noah's flood and the River Liffey or HCE's wife. "Messrs. Billing and Coo" sounds like an advertisement and reminds me of the billing and cooing of lovemaking birds, again an enhancement of the sexual and animal theme. "Noah's Larks" recalls the Biblical Ark, containing animals and birds, that Noah built to escape from the flood. Since "Noah was first to cultivate the vine and get drunk,"⁴⁹ he is connected in Finnegans Wake with HCE, the hero-drunkard.

The clichéd ideas and expressions Joyce started with can be found in this quotation from "The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly" but Joyce has added so many other angles of thought to them that they are no longer one-sided; they are no longer clichés. Joyce's simultaneous use of ideas from many different directions removes his language from the banal or commonplace. At the same time, by playing with the animal images, also from various directions, the author enhances the physical or sexual aspect of the love theme.

The sexual aspect of love also comes to the surface in the museum scene. A museum dedicated to the memory of Wellington, an incarnation of HCE, is in Phonenix Park, on the spot where Finnegan fell and where HCE has his misadventure.⁵⁰ Apparently it is an old woman "the janitrix, the mistress Kathe"(8) who conducts a party through the museum, saying "This is the jinnies with their legahorns feinting to read in their handmade's book of stralegy while making their way undisides the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big

Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop Wounderworker obscides on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower"(8). The fact that nearly every sentence in the turbulent museum scene begins with the demonstrative phrase "This is . . ." reminds me of the commonplaces of speech used in the guidebooks and by the guides to museums, art galleries, libraries, churches, buildings, historic monuments, cities, and the like. But this is as far as I can trace the content of common speech in this quotation. The reader has a false assurance of the familiarity in the museum scene because he is reminded of some time in his life when he has been on a tour. Anthony Burgess says, "In reading Finnegans Wake, we are sometimes shocked by a sudden appearance of what looks like waking sense"⁵¹ But the tour-like indications are merely the content of the museum scene, and only the beginning to understanding what happens in the chaotic dream scene in the "museyroom"(8). Joyce departs far from the idea of a museum tour, which serves only as a structural device.

The first word in the quotation which needs to be explained is "jinnies." According to A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake "jinnies" refers "both to a couple of young mares on the battefield, and to a pair of Napoleonic filles du régiment."⁵² The jinnies are pretending to read in their handmaiden's book, hand-made book, or handbook of strategy or astrology while making war on Wellington. Joyce's word "undisides" was "undersides"⁵³ in A First-Draft Version of Finnegans Wake, suggesting the weaker, perhaps sexual, side of Willingdone. "Undisides" also suggests "undecided," making Wellington seem uncertain of himself.

The second sentence of the quotation from the museum scene,

"The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up," leaves me at a loss except by power of its suggestion. It suggests to me that the jinnies are acting in a way sexually attractive to Wellington, and that Wellington responds, but also that their actions are an attack on him. "A ravin her hair" suggests that the jinnies have raven black hair or are combing or tossing their hair. "Git the band up" could mean that Wellington is getting a band or army of men together, practicing for a military musical band, that the jinnies have got his back up, or that he has "got the wind up" -- he is frightened.

The third sentence "This is Big Willingdone mormorial tallow-scoop Wounderworker obscides on the flanks of the jinnies" is fairly easy to follow. "Mormorial" or "memorial" reminds us in our confusion that we are being shown around a memorial museum. Wellington is training his telescope on the flanks of the jinnies, which recalls the horse-like character of the jinnies. His tallow-scoop scoops tallow, or animal fat. It is in fact a "Wounderworker" in that it inflicts wounds.

"Obscides" was "upsides"⁵⁴ in A First-Draft Version of Finnegans Wake, suggesting sides or flanks up or upsidedown. "Obscides" itself suggests obscene, or Wellington obsessed with his view through the telescope. "Sexcaliber hrosspower" suggests the the jinnies have a high caliber of sex appeal together with horsepower, or that the telescope has high qualities of sexual detection, besides being a miraculous weapon like excalibur, King Arthur's sword. The telescope can be seen both as a weapon and as a phallus.

The action between Wellington and the jinnies does elucidate

the animal-sexual aspect of love, but does not explore any of the clichés associated with this theme. Joyce's use of clichés or commonplaces of language in this excerpt is limited only to the general structure of the museum scene. The demonstrative phrase "This is . . ." so often repeated is familiar to any partaker of a guided tour. The idea of a museum is that it is historic, preserving the relics of the past. Opposing his use of a clichéd structure, Joyce makes the exhibits in his museum come to life, thus making them alarmingly present.

Joyce's use of the cliché is only one level of the museum scene, for Joyce's breaking of the clichéd atmosphere of an ordinary museum tour has many reverberations throughout the book. The museum scene is many-sided on many levels. Wellington, the dominant character in the scene, is a reincarnation of HCE. This is an example of how Joyce breaks the convention of the novel, but one character is distinct all the way through the story. HCE is Wellington. Joyce uses the philosophy of the Italian Giordano Bruno (1548 - 1600)⁵⁵ who taught according to Burgess, that, "in a God-run universe, all opposites must eventually merge. He thus provides Joyce with a metaphysical justification for uniting opposing characters in a single personage, as Shem and Shaun, warring brothers, are reconciled in the father HCE. Similarly, HCE's accusers can take on the qualities of HCE himself."⁵⁶ The fact that the Bum Earwicker merges with the famous historical figure, the Duke of Wellington, is another example of how Joyce uses Bruno's theory. However it must be kept in mind that HCE and Wellington are not complete opposites. Both are Irish, and a memorial to Wellington stands in Phoenix Park⁵⁷ where HCE misbehaves and where the museum scene takes

place. The iron bridge across the Liffey River is named for Wellington⁵⁸ and the Liffey in Finnegans Wake is HCE's wife, Anna Livia Plurabelle.

The location of the museum in Phoenix Park has even wider connotations throughout Finnegans Wake, myth and history. Anthony Burgess explains them:

. . . we are made to see the body of Finnegan as part of the Irish landscape. He is the giant Finn MacCool asleep. His head is the Hill of Howth, his feet are near Earwicker's pub at Chapelizod (or Iseult's chapel). His fall, we hear, has taken place in Dublin's Phoenix Park -- a sort of Eden where a notorious political murder was to herald Ireland's phoenix-resurrection. But this same park saw the fall of HCE, whose vague sin involved two girls (his wife and daughter in disguise) and was witnessed by three soldiers (his two sons as a Ham-Shem-Japhet trio). But the mention of soldiers brings us to the theme of conflict. The bloody ructions that were to wake Tim Finnegan are swollen into a panorama of war in general. We go to the Wellington Memorial in Phoenix Park and are shown round it by an old woman (the eternal ageing wife who preserves fragments from the past as she gathers the smashed bits of the body of her dead lord, Humpty Dumpty, for transmission to the future). The Irishman 'Willingdone', the battle of Waterloo, a couple of cavalry mares who turn into female camp-followers and the two girls in the park -- these symbolise the conflict in HCE's sinning soul, but they also suggest how wars are merely a vast projection of family conflict. The father, aware of his failing sexual powers, will want to kill younger men; the younger men quarrel between themselves.⁵⁹

Burgess' elucidation of the relevance of the museum scene to the rest of Finnegans Wake emphasises the fact that this scene is but a variation on the earlier scene in the park. HCE, who sinned in Phoenix Park, is Willingdone, who in Finnegans Wake loses his battle to Napoleon. The girls in the park become the two mares, who turn into the jinnies or female camp-followers, representatives of Napoleon, in the museum scene. These two females are HCE's wife and daughter. So we arrive back at an ordinary family situation, with HCE the father, fearing age, and longing to be young again, reliving his youth with that of his daughter Issy. Burgess sees HCE's longing for youth as a generalized human guilt:

Earwicker has to have a deep unconscious motive for re-enacting man's perpetual fall and resurrection -- an in-built guilt which starts history off and keeps the wheel turning. This guilt is never far to seek in a man who, himself ageing, has an ageing wife and a nubile daughter. He seeks his youth again, he looks for the wife he once courted. An incestuous longing for his daughter is a pathetic attempt to remain loyal to his wife while indulging the last spurt of desire for a body comely and sweet as cinnamon. This longing is too terrible to be revealed nakedly in dreams: it becomes a sin as vague as Adam's -- something that was done in a park, the guilt of it making HCE . . . indulge in Freudian self-defence, usually with a stutter. It identifies him with all guilty lovers, from Tristram to Parnell, and even with the great god-giant Finnegan, whose prehistoric fall still has the whole world (Dublin, that is) rumbling.⁶⁰

Thus the museum scene is an echo of HCE's earlier sexual misdemeanour in Phoenix Park. The whole book of Finnegans Wake can be seen as a group of variations on the theme of HCE's sin, on his fall, or taken more generally, on the fall of man.

Joyce deals with several aspects of love, including the sexual aspect, in the Tristram and Iseult episode of Finnegans Wake. The clearest way to see Joyce's use of the myth of Tristram and Iseult is to tell the myth itself. The story is, according to Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, in his article on Ysolde, Ysonde, or Iseult, daughter of the Queen of Ireland, as follows:

Sir Tristram, being wounded, was cured by Ysolde, and on his return to Cornwall gave his uncle such a glowing description of the young princess that he sent to ask her hand in marriage. Ysolde married King Mark of Cornwall, but entertained a criminal passion for the nephew. This attachment being discovered by the king, he banished Tristram from Cornwall. Sir Tristram went to Wales, where he performed prodigies of valour, and his uncle invited him back again. The guilty intercourse being repeated, Sir Tristram was banished a second time, and went to Spain, Ermonie, and Brittany. In this last place he met with Ysolt of the White Hand, daughter of the Duke of Brittany, whom he married. After many marvellous exploits he was severely wounded, and being told that no one could cure him but Ysolde, he sent a messenger to Cornwall, and told him if the queen consented to accompany him he was to hoist a white flag. The queen hastened to succour her lover, but Ysolt told

her husband that the vessel was coming with a black sail displayed. Sir Tristram, in an agony of despair, fell on his bed and instantly expired. Soon as Ysolde heard thereof, she flung herself on the corpse and died also. King Mark buried the two in one grave, and planted over it a rose-bush and vine, which so intermingled their branches as they grew up that no man could separate them.⁶¹

Brewer also notes that Sir Tristram was a knight of King Arthur's Round Table.⁶² The author omits an important element of the story, that of the love potion Tristram and Iseult drink on their sea journey to Cornwall, and their consequent deception of King Mark. According to the eleventh edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica,

Tristram and Iseult set sail for Cornwall, Iseult accompanied by her waiting-woman, Brangaene . . . to whose care the queen, skilled in magic arts, confides a love-potion. This is intended to be drunk by king and queen on their bridal night and will ensure their undying love for each other. Unhappily, on the voyage, by some mistake (accounted for in different ways), Tristram and Iseult drink the love drink, and are forthwith seized with a fatal passion each for the other. From this moment begins a long-drawn-out series of tricks and subterfuges, undertaken with the view of deceiving Mark In the poems Mark is, as a rule, represented in a favourable light, a gentle, kindly man, deeply attached to both Tristram and Iseult, and only too ready to allow his suspicions to be dispelled by any plausible explanation they may choose to offer. At the same time the fact that the lovers are the helpless victims of the fatal force of a magic spell is insisted upon, in order that their career of falsehood and deception may not deprive them of sympathy.⁶³

The Enclyclopaedia Britannica also has a fuller version of the medieval romance's hero and his marriage to Iseult of the white hand. It emphasises Tristram's faithfulness to Iseult of Ireland: "Eventually Mark surprises the two under circumstances which leave no possible room for doubt as to their mutual relation; Tristram flies for his life and takes refuge with Hoel, duke of Britanny. After some time, learning nothing of Queen Iseult, and believing himself forgotten, he weds the

duke's daughter, Iseult of the white hand, but weds her only in name, remaining otherwise faithful to Iseult of Ireland."⁶⁴ This, then, is the general pattern of the myth of Tristram and Iseult. The story has in it all the aspects of love Joyce uses in his version of the myth and throughout the whole book of Finnegans Wake. In the myth itself, Tristram and Iseult are fatally attracted to each other. This, among other things, is a sexual attraction, or in other terms, a temptation to which they yield. Their involvement with each other causes Iseult to be unfaithful to King Mark, though her infidelity to the king is part of her fidelity to Tristram. Her attraction to Tristram is based on her desire for someone her own age. King Mark, Tristram's uncle, is the same generation as was Tristram's father, so this causes somewhat of a conflict of ages. King Mark has a kindly, fatherly attitude towards Tristram and Iseult, even though he threatens them and finally banishes Tristram.

Tristram's very name, transformed by Joyce, connects him with the overall theme of the book. Adaline Glasheen points out that when Joyce is referring to the name of Tristram, he can also mean "sorrow as opposed to joy."⁶⁵ She does not refer to the French adjective "triste" meaning sad or sorrowful, but to Joyce's use of Treestone, one of his versions of Tristram's name. She describes the Tree and Stone theme which runs through Finnegans Wake:

Tree is the tree of Eden, the Cross (associated with Tristram because he is a man of sorrow). It is Yggdrasil, it is the tree at Howth Castle on which the luck of the St. Laurence family depends; it may be the crab apple tree under which Shakespeare slept off a drunk or the mulberry tree he planted in Stratford. The stone is St. Peter, the stone on which Jacob dreamed, the stone of Destiny or Scone, the lia

fail, or the Dublin stone, or the long stone. It may matter that in all Celtic languages the word for 'letters' is the word for 'tree.' At the end of 'Anna Livia Plurabelle' the washerwomen turn into a tree and a stone.⁶⁶

Even before we go into Joyce's use of the myth of Tristram and Iseult we find that he has linked the name of Tristram with the whole of Finnegans Wake.

Adaline Glasheen says that in Finnegans Wake Tristram can also refer to Sir Armory Tristram, founder of the St. Lawrence family of Howth.⁶⁷ According to The Encyclopaedia Britannica, "The embattled castle of Howth contains the two-handed sword of Sir Almeric Tristram, the Anglo-Norman conqueror of the hill of Howth . . ."⁶⁸ In Finnegans Wake "Howth is humpy, one-eyed HCE, or rather his head, as he lies, a sleeping giant buried in the landscape."⁶⁹ Joyce further relates Sir Almeric Tristram, the conqueror, to HCE by making HCE a foreign invader. Burgess says:

Joyce's hero is a common man He is a publican in Chapelizod, a suburb of Dublin, and his name is Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker. This is no very Irish name, and we learn, through the devious mists of dream-language, that Earwicker is in fact a foreigner . . . But he is not a Jew: his race is Scandinavian and his religion Protestant Christian. He thus belongs to the stock of the conquering Teutons -- Danes, English -- who took over Dublin and whom Dublin is likely to resent. Because he is a foreigner he is turned -- by a malevolent xenophobic citizenry -- into all foreigners; host of an inn, he is the uneasy guest of a city.⁷⁰

Burgess also points out that, like Sir Almeric Tristram, HCE is a fortification against further invaders: "The castle on Howth Head was built by a Sir Almeric Tristram (not the Tristram of the Arthurian legend, though we must accept a dream-identification of the two): it stands, as

Finn MacCool stood, on the headland, vainly resisting invasion. HCE is both fortification and invader (as the true Dubliner is both Celt and Teuton)."⁷¹

It is significant that in Finnegans Wake the Tristram and Iseult scene follows the tavern scene. The tavern brawl portrays HCE as an unwelcome foreigner, and develops into another manifestation of his sexual guilt. At the end of the tavern brawl, the company condemns its host. Alone in his pub, HCE laps up the dregs of all the bottles and glasses, slumps on the floor and dreams.⁷² His sexual guilt is worked out in his dream of Tristram and Iseult.

In this dream, Earwicker is both King Mark and Tristram. As King Mark, HCE is mocked because Tristram is cuckolding him. But HCE is a father too, both in age and attitude. HCE's old body is collapsed on the floor of the pub downstairs, as his baby son Shaun sleeps in the bedroom above. In his dream the tavern keeper relives his life in the image of what his son Shaun would one day be.⁷³ You could say his dream is a sexual wish-fulfilment, for in it HCE becomes Tristram, the youthful lover.

Thus basically Earwicker's dream is a sexual one. It is concerned with Tristram's sexual fulfilment with Iseult, and with his sexual guilt he is cuckolding his uncle, King Mark of Cornwall. The resurrection of HCE's sexual guilt in this dream is but one further variation of his alleged misdemeanor in Phoenix Park.

Most of Earwicker's dream uses only part of the myth of Tristram and Iseult, the voyage on the ship to Cornwall. Joyce here exploits the sexual aspect of Tristram and Iseult's relationship. The remainder

of this part of the dream culminates in a hymn to Iseult, which embodies all the other aspects of love touched on by the myth itself and by Joyce in the whole of Finnegans Wake.

In Tristram and Iseult's encounter on the boat to Cornwall, Joyce levels sex down to a mere function, as necessary as eating:

For it was then a pretty thing happened of pure diversion mayhap, when his flattering hend, at the just right moment, like perchance some cook of corage might clip the lad on a poot of porage handshut his duckhouse, the vivid girl, deaf with love, (ah sure, you know her, our angel being, one of romance's fadeless wonderwomen, and, sure now, we all know you dote on her even untodate!) with a queeletecree of joysis crisis she renulited their disunited, with ripy lepes to ropy lopes (the dear o' dears!) and the golden importunity of aloffer's leavetime, when, as quick, is greased pigskin, Amoricus Champius, with one aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtour flshpst the both lines of forwards (Eburnea's down, boys!) rightjingbangshot into the goal of her gullet. (395-396)

The phrase "cook of corage" is the first here that suggests cookery, but "corage" suggests, not a dish, but the male fortitude necessary for the sex act. The word is related to the French and English words "courage" and "courage." "Poot of porage" is related to eating and to the song "Pease porridge hot."⁷⁴ "Greased pigskin" combines the clichés of "greased lightning and greased pig," suggesting speed. The most forceful grouping of the realms of sex and eating occur in the last part of passage where Tristram "quick, is greased pigskin . . . with one aragan throust, druve the massive of virilvigtour flshpst the both line of forwards (Eburnea's down, boys!) rightjingbangshot into the goal of her gullet." The word "virilvigtour" suggests "virile victory," the male being the aggressor. In the word "gullet" Joyce merges the organs of eating and sex so completely that the image verges on the unpalatable.

It is interesting to see the first-draft version of the whole passage: "When he had shut his duckhouse the vivid girl reunited milky-mouthily his her and their disunited lips and quick as greased lightening the Breton champion drove the advance messenger of love with one virile tonguethrust past the double line of ivoryclad forwards full-back rightjingbangshot into the goal of her gullet."⁷⁵ Here the images of eating are more obvious, as in "milky-mouthily" and "tonguethrust." In the final version of the passage Joyce enhances the sexual aspect of the myth by combining it with the equally fundamental and humorous human function of eating.

At the end of the Tristram and Iseult part of HCE's dream (the dream continues on the future of Shaun) in the song to Iseult, Joyce sums up the sexual aspect of the lovers' relationship with "Grand goosegreasing we had entirely with an allnight eiderdown bed picnic to follow"(399). Here Joyce also combines eating and sex, in the words "goosegreasing" and "bed picnic." The word "goose" is used in the expression "I'll cook your goose for you" or "I'll fix you."⁷⁶ However the word "goosegreasing" seems to relate mainly to the slippery quality of a greasy goose, and thus to the lovers' sex act.

The song to Iseult embodies all the other elements of love touched on in the myth of Tristram and Iseult. It also includes these same elements as Joyce deals with them in the whole of Finnegans Wake. So the elements of love embodied in the myth and worked out by Joyce in his book are fused into one. The myth of Tristram and Iseult becomes Finnegans Wake.

King Mark is the old, broken HCE. What he has done up to this

point in Finnegans Wake is re-enacted in his dream in a different, yet similar, form. What has HCE done up to this point? It is hinted that he has been tempted to be unfaithful to his wife, Anna Livia Plurabelle. A scholarly professor analyses a letter which was dug from a mud mound by a hen. This letter is Anna's manifesto. The professor quizzes his class in a series of riddles which concern the characters revealed in the letter and in Finnegans Wake.⁷⁷ The eighth riddle about the temptresses goes:

8. And how war yore maggies?

Answer: They war loving, they love laughing, they laugh weeping, they weep smelling, they smell smiling, they smile hating, they hate thinking, they think feeling, they feel tempting, they tempt daring, they dare waiting, they wait taking, they take thanking, they thank seeing, as born for lorn in lore of love to live and wive by wile and rile by rule of ruse 'reathed rose and hose hol'd home, yeth cometh elope year, coach and four, Sweet Peck-at-my-Heart picks one man more.(143)

The verb "war" reminds us of the war-like but sexual encounter between Willingdone and the jinnies in the museum scene. "Maggies" are "the singular and plural state of the same thing, as the seven devils were the plural state of the singular Magdalene . . ."⁷⁸ St. Mary Magdalene was "the penitent whore whose seven devils were cast out by Jesus. In Finnegans Wake the seven devils are, among other things, the multiple selves of a dissociated personality."⁷⁹ According to Burgess, the maggies are "the girls in the park who melt into one girl, a daughter, a temptress . . ."⁸⁰ Joyce portrays the temptresses in the answer to the riddle as too difficult to resist. HCE is not the man to resist them. In the phrase "Sweet Peck-at-my-Heart picks one man more," which comes from an American popular song "Peg o' My Heart,"⁸¹ Joyce suggests HCE's vulnerability, his weakness for women.

And Here Comes Everybody is vulnerable. His case resembles that of an American sugar-daddy⁸² who cannot decide between his girl number one and his girl number two:

. . . for someplace on the sly, where Furphy he isn't by, old grum has his gel number two (bravevow, our Grum!) and he would like to canoodle her too some part of the time for he is downright fond of his number one but O he's fair mashed on peaches number two so that if he could only canoodle the two, chivee chivoo, all three would feel genuinely happy, it's as simple as A.B.C., the two mixers, we mean, with their cherry-bum chappy (for he is simply shamming dippy) if they all were afloat in a dreamlifeboat, hugging two by two in his zoo-doo-you-doo, a tofftoff for thee, missymissy for me and howcameyou-e'enso for Farber, in his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle, can you? Finny.(65)

HCE, with his multifarious tendencies, is somewhat similar to the American sugar-daddy who seems to treat his women with a song-like ease. In fact, in this passage Joyce uses three songs. The book Song in the Works of James Joyce shows that "two by two in his zoo-doo-you-doo, a tofftoff for thee, missymissy" comes from "Tea for Two." "A tofftoff for thee, missymissy for me and howcameyou-e'enso for Farber" comes from the Nursery Rhyme "Ring A'Ring O'Roses." "In his tippy, upindown dippy, tiptoptippy canoodle" comes from the song "My little canoe."⁸³ By using these songs Joyce creates a lighthearted mood, difficult for a man to achieve when he really has two women to deal with, and more difficult for HCE who, unlike the American sugar-daddy, is not sugary-rich.

Earwicker, portrayed in "The Ballad of Persse O'Reilly" as Anna Livia Plurabelle's unfaithful husband, has an irate wife to avoid:

'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children
But look out for his missus legitimate!
When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker

Won't there be earwigs on the green?
 (Chorus) Big earwigs on the green,
 The largest ever you seen.(47)

If she catches him she will squash him like an earwig, or "un perce-oreille," the French word for earwig, which Joyce has coupled with the title of his ballad about Persse O'Reilly.⁸⁴ The ballad is the culmination of the ear-piercing scandal about Earwicker, and is another form of his sexual guilt.

But HCE, like every man, has streaks of faithfulness in his character too. He can adhere to the marriage vows of "Him her first lap, her his fast pal, for ditcher for plower, till deltas twoport"(318). Yet no matter how many times HCE shall fall, "Hump, helmet and all"(45), Anna will be there to look after him in a practical way with eggs for breakfast in the morning: "And even if Humpty shell fall frumpty times as awkward again in the beardsboosoloom of all our grand remonstrancers there'll be iggs for brekkers come to mournhim, sunny side up with care"(12). Burgess explains these lines in more general terms: ". . . in a dream where Christ joins the other dead and resurrected gods, it is left to woman to gather the broken fragments of the egg, and , 'sunny side up with care,' transmit them to the next generation"85 However, Joyce's words can have quite the opposite meaning. When Humpty Dumpty falls and cracks his shell, perhaps there will be only breakfast eggs to mourn him.

These versions of HCE's temptation and fall are variations on the theme of his sin in Phoenix Park, or of Adam's temptation and fall in the garden of Eden. But they also point forward to Earwicker's

dream of Tristram and Iseult, where HCE is King Mark. In the dream King Mark is the recipient of the acts of unfaithfulness. He is the one who is cuckolded by a younger rival, Tristram. He is the old man to whom Iseult is unfaithful. The song to Iseult runs: "Yerra, why would she bide with Sig Sloomysides or the program grey barnacle gander?"(399) And the argument in HCE's dream goes:

Could you blame her, we're saying, for one spocoldiological moment? What would Ewe do? With that so tiresome old milkless a ram, with his tiresome duty peck and his bronchial tubes, the tiresome old hairy orangogran beaver, in his tiresome old twennysizandsizpenny sheopards plods drowers and his thirtybobandninepenny tails plus toop! Haga-khroustioun! It were too exceeding really if one woulds to offer at sulk an oldivirdual a pinge of hinge hit.(396)

In short, Iseult is not blamed for her unfaithfulness to the old King Mark. But all the same the king is HCE, receiving another version of his past fallen life.

HCE as King Mark is also a father-figure to Iseult. In the hymn to Iseult he threatens: "And no damn loutil come courting thee or by the mother of the Holy Ghost there'll be murder!"(399). This reflects the fatherly feelings of both protectiveness and jealousy, inherent in a relationship between an older man and a young woman, between King Mark and the Princess Iseult.

In the portion of HCE's dream following the Tristram and Iseult episode, HCE becomes his son Shaun, who gives his daughter/sister Iseult some fatherly/brotherly advice:

Love through the usual channels, cistern brothelly, when properly disinfected and taken neat in the generable way upon retiring to roost in the company of a husband-in-law or other respectable relative of an opposite sex, not love that leads by the nose as I foreshmellt but can-

alised love, you understand, does a felon good, suspiciously if he has a slugger's liver but I cannot belabour the point too ardently (and after the lessions of experience I speak from inspiration) that fetid spirits is the thief of prurities, so none of your twenty rod cherrywhisks, me daughter!(436)

Burgess says" "All that the son has become, it seems, is a more articulate and far more hypocritical dirty-old-man copy of his father. It is the tragedy of insufficiency -- half an egg, not half of a double yolk."⁸⁶

But earlier in the dream, HCE's spirit rejuvenates in the figure of Tristram, who in breaking faith with King Mark, is only fulfilling HCE's characteristic faithlessness. At the same time Tristram is faithful to one woman, Iseult of Ireland. He is an ideal version of Earwicker, the model husband who never was. So HCE's dream is a wish-fulfilment in another sense; it fulfills his ideal of a superbly faithful husband who, by being faithful, brings a sense of security to his wife. The song to Iseult describes this relationship combined with Tristram's proposal to Iseult:

You won't need be lonesome, Lizzy my love, when your beau gets
his glut of cold meat and hot soldiering
Nor wake in winter, window machree, but snore sung in my old
Balbriggan surtout.
Wisha, won't you agree now to take me from the middle, say, of
next week on, for the balance of my days, for nothing
(what?) as your own nursetender?(399)

Thus HCE's dream is a projection both backwards and forwards. It is another version of his own unfaithfulness to ALP, yet it is an ideal rendering of Tristram's faithfulness to, and sexual fulfilment with, Iseult. The hymn to Iseult, which forms the end of the Tristram and Iseult episode of the dream, embodies all the aspects of love relating

to HCE -- his sexual desires, his temptation and fall into unfaithfulness, his sporadic faithfulness. These are commonplaces in the life of any attached man. Joyce fuses these characteristics of the pub owner Earwicker with the elements in the myth of a king and his queen. These aspects of love are at once elemental in the life of an Irish bum and in the story of mythic heroes.

In HCE's dream, King Mark and Tristram are an inseparable part of the dreamer. The figure of King Mark can be seen as the older image of Earwicker, while Tristram is the younger HCE. Similarly, Anna Livia Plurabelle, Earwicker's wife, is one with Iseult, who is Anna's youthful image. As Burgess puts it:

Woman appears in two aspects -- mother Eve and daughter Iseult or Stella or Vanessa or Ruth or Susannah or Esther The two aspects are fused in the image of a river which, old and the accumulations of the life of a city, dies by mingling itself with the sea; clouds from the sea move in to the river's source, so that death is a kind of renewal of life; the fall of the rain is woman's fall, life-giving.⁸⁷

Iseult, as the more youthful aspect of ALP, is all sex. In the professor's riddles concerning the letter, ALP's manifesto of the five basic characters in the book, the professor himself answers the riddle concerning the brother conflict between Shem and Shaun. To aid those unable to follow his complexities, he tells a parable of "The Mookse and The Gripes."⁸⁸ In this parable, Issy, using her feminine attributes, tries in vain to attract the attention of her brothers, the Mookse of Shaun, and the Gripes of Shem:

She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her afumastelliacious hair like la princesse de la Petite Bretagne and she rounded her mignons arms like Mrs Cornwallis-West and

she smiled over herself like the beauty of the image of the pose of the daughter of the queen of the Emperour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she born to bridge with Tristis Tristior Tristissimus. But, sweet madonine, she might as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida. For the Mookse, a dogmad Accanite, were not amoosed and the Gripes, a dubliboused Catalick, wis pinefully obliviscent.

--I see, she sighed. There are menner.(157-158)

Iseult is connected in the word "sfumastelliacinous" with Stella, or Esther Johnson, the young spinster Jonathan Swift was involved with.⁸⁹

She uses the gestures of the actress Mrs. Cornwallis-West, better known as Mrs. Patrick Campbell.⁹⁰ In short, Iseult is loading on the sex appeal. "She is all woman, but not in the ALP sense (mature mother, transmitter of life and her dead Lord's good name): ogling, inflaming passion but withholding its satisfaction, she loves her mirror best . . ."⁹¹

Connected with the scandal of HCE's sin in Phoenix Park is the rumour that ALP, or her youthful, more sexual image Issy, found some opportunities open to her:

. . . while the other soiled dove that's her sister-in-love, Luperca Latouche, finding one day while dodging chores that she stripped teasingly for binocular man and that her jambs were jimpjoyed to see each other, the nautchy girly soon found her fruitful hat too small for her and rapidly taking time, look, she rapidly took to necking, partying and selling her spare favours in the haymow or in lumber closets or in the greenawn ad huck (there are certain intimacies in all ladies' lavastories we just lease to imagination) or in the sweet churchyard close itself for a bit of soft coal or an array of thin trunks, serving whom in fine that same hot coney a la Zingura which our own little Graunya of the chilired cheeks dished up to the greatsire of Oscar, that son of a Coole.(68)

This description shows the lowly aspect of Iseult of Ireland, and adds to the picture of Iseult as a sex pot, as she is portrayed in the song to Iseult at the end of HCE's dream of the lovers' affair:

Grand goosegreasing we had entirely with an allnight eiderdown
bed picnic to follow.

By the cross of Cong says she, rising up Saturday in the twi-
light from under me, Mick, Nick the Maggot or
whatever your name is, you're the mose likable lad
that's come my ways yet from the barony of
Bohermore.(399)

Iseult is the counterpart of the older version of Anna, the scrubwoman or janitress, the widow Kate, who showed the relics in the Wellington Museum. Kate is the Earwicker s' cleaning-woman, who takes on the role of "eternal widow, gatherer of the scattered fragments of her dead lord . . ."⁹² Since she is the very old aspect of Anna Livia Plurabelle, she "recalls the mythical past, ending up, as we must always end up, in the park with HCE's fall."⁹³ It is Kate who preserves the relics of past love, reliving her youth in the activities of the younger generation: "She was flirtsome then and she's fluttersome yet. She can second a song and adores a scandal when the last post's gone by. Fond of a concertina and pairs passing when she's had her forty winks for supper after Kanekannan and abbely dimpling and is in her merlin chair assotted, reading her Evening World. To see is it smarts, full lengths or swaggers"(28). She even listens to the soapbox serials on the radio: "News, news, all the news She's seeking her way, a chickle, a chuckle, in and out of their serial story, Les Loves of Selskar et Pervenche, freely adapted to The Novvergin's Viv. There'll be blue-bells blowing in salty sepulchres the night she signs her final tear. Zee end. But that's a world of ways away. Till track laws time. No silver ash or switches for that one! While flattering candles flare"(28). She is a vulgarized form of the eternal life-giving river, Anna Livia

Plurabelle.

Earwicker's dream of Tristram and Iseult fuses the medieval romance with the functional and humorous elements of love. HCE is a king and a king's nephew, just as his wife Anna is an old widow and a young princess. Thus Joyce unites the elements of the mythic and the commonplace.

The whole dream Earwicker has on the pub floor is a resurrection of an ordinary family relationship, not only of Earwicker's family, but of Joyce's own family. As Burgess puts it, "World history is family history, dreamt in a bedroom. Did he [Joyce] not first meet Nora Barnacle when she was chambermaid in Finn's Hotel? Is not HCE a sort of John Joyce, roaring father? Are not Shem and Shaun (James and John) really the two antithetical brothers James ('Sunny Jim') and Stanislaus ('Brother John') Joyce?"⁹⁴ Burgess is touching upon a commonplace in literary studies, the fact that an author who writes, no matter what he writes, is really writing about himself and those close to him.

Certainly Joyce is dealing with the commonplace situation of an ordinary man and his family. The relationship of Tristram and Iseult in Earwicker's dream is a representation of the youthful love relationship between HCE and ALP. Thus when Earwicker drags himself off the pub floor and upstairs to bed with his wife, he is returning to a situation which is basic to Finnegans Wake and to the ordinary man and his woman. One of the most emphatic scenes in Finnegans Wake is that of HCE and ALP in bed:

House of the cederbalm of mead. Garth of Fyon. Scene and property plot. Staganager's prompt. Interior of dwelling on outskirts of

city. Groove two. Chamber scene. Boxed. Ordinary bedroom set. Salmonpapered walls. Back, empty Irish grate, Adam's mantel, with wilting elopement fan, soot and tinsel, condemned. North, wall with window practicable. Argentine in casement. Vamp. Pelmet above. No curtains. Blind drawn. South, party wall. Bed for two with strawberry bedspread, wickerworker clubsessel and caneseated millikinstool. Bookshrine without, facetowel upon. Chair for one. Woman's garments on chair. Man's trousers with crossbelt braces, collar on bedknob. Man's corduroy surcoat with tabrets and taces, seapan nacre buttons on nail. Woman's gown on ditto. Over mantelpiece picture of Michael, lance, slaying Satan, dragon with smoke. Small table near bed, front. Bed with bedding. Spare. Flagpatch quilt. Yverdown design. Limes. Lighted lamp without globe, scarf, gazette, tumbler, quantity of water, julepot, ticker, side props, eventuals, man's gummy article, pink.

A time.

Act: dumbshow.

Closeup. Leads.

Man with nightcap, in bed, fore. Woman, with curlpins, hind. Discovered. Side point of view. First position of harmony. Say! (558-559)

The stage and movie directions, and the details of this scene make it emphatic and almost too familiar. Earwicker and Anna seem familiar and ordinary. Burgess makes an astute remark when he says " . . . perhaps all the history that has been enacted there throughout Finnegans Wake has come about because a man dropped his trousers or lifted his night-shirt."⁹⁵ His observation is a radical simplification of Finnegans Wake but is essentially true. The content of the book is a variation of commonplace events, the most basic to Finnegans Wake being the aspects of love.

But Finnegans Wake does not leave us with the commonplace, even though HCE, as any ageing man, wants to relive his youth without dying: "HCE looks for a renewal of youth in the love of a young one, a daughter, but he will not find this in his own person, only in the life of the son who will take his place. He will cling to his deluded fancy, though, lying beside his ageing wife."⁹⁶ Up to this point Earwicker is an

ordinary man. "His wife, however, is the eternal river; she has seen too much not to see clearly how man's life, with its city-building, its lechery and wars, is dream upon dream. Aware of growing old, she knows that only by entering the great renewing sea of personal death can she be re-born."⁹⁷ HCE and ALP are turned back to the earth and the sea to be renewed in the figures of myth and history. By making Earwicker everyone who was anyone in history and myth, Joyce multiplies the elements of the cliché of the family man and his day-to-day existence.

CHAPTER FOUR

Love as Joyce uses it can be seen in more general terms as the ostensible cause of HCE's falls, sins, or misdemeanors, which are variations on his union with ALF, his wife, the river. Another dominant structural theme has even wider connotations both inside and outside Finnegans Wake. This is the theme of death and resurrection.

Joyce has used this double theme first of all in the title Finnegans Wake. As Anthony Burgess puts it, "The very term 'wake' is a suggestive one to a word-loving artist, containing as it does the opposed theses of death and life. In essence, Finnegans Wake is all about what happens while Finnegan lies, life suspended, on the bed, the twelve mourners all about him."⁹⁸ Burgess also says, "Finnegans Wake fuses two opposed notions -- the wake, or funeral feast, of Finnegan; the waking up of all Finnegans."⁹⁹ The name of Finnegan fuses two more general opposed notions, those of beginning and finishing: " . . . we finish (fin, fine, finn) and we start egan or again."¹⁰⁰ In other words, the themes of death, or finishing, and resurrection, rebirth or beginning again, are present in the very title of the book. The book is about what happens while Finnegan lies dead. While he lies dead, Earwicker wakes up; he is resurrected. The rumors about Earwicker's death and resurrection contain clichés that are related to the death of any human being.

Comments on death are often ineffectual and untrue. The words "a poor soul is between shift and shift are the death he has lived through becomes the life he is to die into"(293) remind us of the para-

doxical clichés preached about death to the living. Those who are living are not permitted to escape the face of their mortality: "every morphyl man of us, pome by pome, falls back into this terrine: as it was let it be, says he!"(80).

Death itself can be an escape, even though the person who commits suicide is often viewed with pity and even with condescension, as one who could not face the hardships of life: "Deliver him, orelode! He had laid violent hands on himself, it was brought in Fugger's Newsletter, laid down, all in, fagged out, with equally melancholy death"(97). This is a rumor concerning what may have happened to Earwicker. Another rumor about the unhappy deaths of the women concerned with HCE shows that others are often unaware of any hardships but their own. The person who commits suicide seems to do so without any apparent reason: "Oh! Oh! Because it is a horrible thing to have to say to say to day but one dilalah, Lupita Lorette, shortly after in a fit of the unexpectednesses drank carbolic with all her dear placid life before her and paled off . . ."(67).

Though we often feel sorry for a person who has committed suicide, we may also feel a certain sense of relief. The concept of suicide is combined in Shem's burlesque of Joyce's life with the desire all of us have at one time or another to have someone out of the way:

Around that time, moravar, one generally, for luvvomony hoped or at any rate suspected among morticians that he would early turn out badly, develop hereditary pulmonary T.B., and do for himself one dandy time, nay, of a pelting night blanketed creditors, hearing a coarse song and splash off Eden Quay sighed and rolled over, sure all was up, but though he fell heavily and locally into debit, not even then could such an antinomian be true to type. He would not put fire to his cerebrum;

he would not throw himself in Liffey; he would not explaud himself with pneumantics; he refused to saffrocake himself with a sod. With the foreign devil's leave the fraid born diddled even death.(172)

The desire to have someone dead is rarely expressed as directly as it is in the tavern scene, where the turbulence of the drinkers turns into suggestions for exterminating Earwicker: "Slip on your ropen collar and draw the noosebag on your head"(377).

There are so many advantages to having certain people dead. The mortician depends for his livelihood upon the death of others. A constant fact of his business is that we are "Here tokay, gone tomory" (172). He exploits death with the rapacity of "a hearse on fire"(94). As Joyce puts it, he "continues to supply funeral requisites of every needed description. Why needed, though?"(66) Death has as many absurd trappings as life:

Show coffins, winding sheets, goodbuy bierchepes, cinerary urns, liealoud blasses, snuffchests, poteentubbs, lacrimal vases, hoodendoses, reekwaterbeckers, breakmiddles, zootzaks for eatlust, including upyour-healthing rookworst and meatherwerjoftened forkenpootsies and for that matter, javel also, any kind of inhumationary bric au brac for the adornment of his glasstone honophreum, would, met these trein of konditiens, naturally follow, halas, in the ordinary course, enabling that roundtheworlder wandelingswight, did suches pass him, to live all safeathomely the presenile days of his life of opulence, ancient ere decrepitude, late lents las lenience, till stuffering stage, whaling away the whole of the while (hypnos chilia eonion!) lethelulled between explosion and reexplosion (Donnaurwatteur! Hunderthunder!) from grosskopp to megapod, embalmed, of grand age, rich in death anticipated(77-78)

These particulars apply also to Earwicker, who is soon to be interred.

The whole "Whiskway and mortem"(510) business (this phrase applies also to the whiskey at Finnegan's Wake) is not only the burial of the dead; it is a horrible rejuvenation of the dead. The mortician

performs "a triumph of the illusionist's art"(67); he uses chemicals to blow up the tissues of the dead person so that he looks alive in an uncanny way. Thus the funeral requisites are needed to make the corpse look alive: "what else in this mortal world, now ours, when meet there night, mid their nacket, me there naket, made their nought the hour strikes, would bring them rightcame back in the flesh, thumbs down, to their orses and their hashes"(67). The mortician exploits death by supplying the requisites for the ceremony, but at the same time he performs a subtle mockery of death on the corpse.

Another obvious advantage derived from death is the amount of material goods left behind. The clichés written on tombstones cannot express the delight of the bereaved at having a little extra money. The last will and testament of Earwicker, read by his son Shaun, is a parody on both the sorrow and the joy of the bereaved:

This, my tears, is my last will intesticle wrote off in the strutforit about their absent female assauciations which I, or perhaps any other person what squaton a toffette, have the honour to had upon their polite sophkussens in the real presence of devoted Mrs. Grumby when her skin was exposed to the air. O what must the grief of my mund be for two little ptpt coolies worth twenty thousand quad herswitnessed with both's maddlemass wishes to Pepette for next match from their dearly beloved Roggers, M.D.D.O.D. May doubling drop of drooght!(413)

There is a distinct advantage in being a dead writer, if you have produced a sufficient body of work. For it is not until you are dead that others can freely work on your writing, and bring alive the events of your life, as the mortician attempts to bring to life the exterior aspects of the corpse. Joyce puts this idea into a broader context: "Life, he himself said once, (his biografiend, in fact, kills

him very soon, if yet not, after) is a wake, livit or kriket, and on the bunk of our breadwinning lies the corpse of our seedfather, a phrase which the establissher of the world by law might pretinately write across the chestfront of all manorwombanborn"(55). The life of an artist can be looked upon as a preparation for his death, for the wake of criticism and inspiration that will follow him. The livelihood of a critic depends upon the works of art of the living and of the dead.

As the mortician attempts to mitigate the horror of death by producing a different sort of horror on the corpse, so there are various attempts to mitigate the effects of death on the bereaved. There are many beliefs that the dead are living in some form. One of them is the belief that the living can actually communicate with the dead in a spiritualistic séance, which here Joyce turns into the form of a radio announcer's commentary:

That was Communicator, a former colonel. A disincarnated spirit, called Sebastion, from the Rivera in Januero, (he is not all hear) may fernspreak shortly with messuages from my deadported. Let us cheer him up a little and make an appunkment for a future date. Hello, Commudicate! How's the buttes? Eversceptistic! He does not believe in our psychous of the Real Absence, neither miracel wheat nor soulsurgery of P.P. Quemby. He has had some indiejestings, poor thing, for quite a little while, confused by his tonguer of baubble. A way with him! Poor Felix Culapert! Ring his mind, ye staples, (bonze!) in my ould reekeries' ballyheart and in my krumlin and in aroundisements and stremmis! Sacks eleathury! Sacks eleathury! Bam! I deplore over him ruely. Mongrieff!(535-536)

The attempt to bring the dead back to life in some way, or the belief that the dead are not completely dead, is not too far removed from the desire the old have to look and to be young, and the reverse desire that the young have to look old, mature, or grown-up. These are all

facets of the same paradoxical cycle which is life, or as Shaun puts it, "the nice little smellar squalls in his crydle what the dirty old bigger'll be squaling through his coughin"(444). A premature baby can look like a wrinkled old man or woman, and often old people revert to childlike behaviour. Joyce thus deals with the rumors of the particulars of Earwicker's death by relating them to the clichés which are part of the modern rituals of death. But these particulars have a wider significance within the book.

HCE is not only one character; he is all heroes of history and myth. At the beginning of Finnegans Wake when Earwicker rises from the earth and becomes active as a character, all the historical and mythical heroes rise with him because they are HCE. In other words, the resurrection of Here Comes Everybody is the resurrection of history and myth.

What relation has this resurrection of history and myth in Finnegans Wake to us? Although the book has its intrinsic value, the rewards derived from reading it for itself alone, it is also related to modern man and the world he lives in. Moreover it is the expression, not only of present-day man, but of men of all ages.

Let us start with the idea that the resurrection of Here Comes Everybody is the resurrection of history and myth. What does history first of all mean to us and what is our place in it? In his book Cosmos and History Mircea Eliade describes modern man's relation to history by contrasting it with that of primitive man. The contrast brings out the characteristics of the modern and primitive views of history, of which the latter is present in Finnegans Wake. The book is

a study of the symbol, myth and rite of man in the premodern of "traditional" societies, which "include both the world usually known as 'primitive' and the ancient cultures of Asia, Europe, and America."¹⁰¹

From this study Eliade formulates the primitive view of history. For the primitive man (I use this term only to locate him in time; it is not a judgment on his development) history is equated with human suffering. The history of man, a series of personal events, is the story of man's deviation from a certain pattern of behaviour. Eliade says, "In general, it may be said that suffering is regarded as the consequence of a deviation in respect to the 'norm.' That this norm differs from people to people, and from civilization to civilization, goes without saying."¹⁰² This is another way of saying that archaic man sees history as a series of faults or sins: "The primitive . . . cannot conceive of an unprovoked suffering; it arises from a personal fault (if he is convinced that it is a religious fault) or from his neighbor's malevolence (in cases where the sorcerer discovers that magical action is involved); but there is always a fault at the bottom of it, or at the very least a cause, recognized in the will of the forgotten Supreme God, to whom man is finally forced to address himself."¹⁰³ The primitives regarded history as sin, or as a fall from a former state of innocence, for "they tried to return to the state of innocence by periodically confessing their faults."¹⁰⁴ Their idea of this paradise is in direct opposition to their concept of history:

Everything that we know about the mythical memories of 'Paradise' confronts us . . . with the image of an ideal humanity enjoying a beauty and spiritual plenitude forever unrealizable in the present state of 'fallen man.' In fact, the myths of many peoples allude to a very

distant epoch when men knew neither death nor toil nor suffering and had a bountiful supply of food merely for the taking. In illo tempore, the gods descended to earth and mingled with men; for their part, men could easily mount to heaven. As a result of a ritual fault, communications between heaven and earth were interrupted and the gods withdrew to the highest heavens. Since then, men must work for their food and are no longer immortal.¹⁰⁵

What is important to primitive man is not his personal history, which is a record of his fall from an ideal pattern, but the history of the gods, which is this ideal pattern. Therefore he accords no importance to man's history of suffering, which indeed he tries to blot out:

"Whether he abolishes it periodically, whether he devaluates it by perpetually finding transhistorical models and archetypes for it, whether, finally, he gives it a metahistorical meaning (cyclical theory, eschatological significations, and so on), the man of the traditional civilizations accorded the historical even no value in itself; in other words, he did not regard it as a specific category of his own mode of existence."¹⁰⁶ The important thing to note is that archaic man regarded history as suffering, and as a fall from a former state of bliss.

We can see a simple parallel here between the primitive view of history and the structure of Finnegans Wake. HCE's history is a history of falling. Joyce's variations on the theme of love form HCE's sins or falls. Finnegans Wake as a whole can be seen as a myriad of variations on Earwicker's sin in Phoenix Park. Anthony Burgess, speaking of Finnegans Wake, says, "In Joyce, the thunder is not so much the voice of God as the noise of a fall -- the fall of the primal hero, the fall of man -- and its dynamic charges the wheel and makes it turn. All history (at least, as it appears in a dream) is the story of falling

and -- through the force of that fall which makes the wheel go round -- returning."¹⁰⁷

Opposed to primitive man's view of history is that of modern man, for whom history is of the utmost importance. Eliade contrasts the two viewpoints: " . . . the crucial difference between the man of the archaic civilizations and modern, historical man lies in the increasing value the latter gives to historical events, that is, to the 'novelties' that, for traditional man, represented either meaningless conjunctures or infractions of norms (hence 'faults,' 'sins,' and so on) and that, as such, require to be expelled (abolished) periodically."¹⁰⁸ History is important to modern man because it constitutes his freedom. History is made up of man's free, spontaneous actions. But modern man is coming upon the discovery that his actions are not as free and spontaneous as he thought they were:

It is becoming more and more doubtful . . . if modern man can make history. On the contrary, the more modern he becomes -- that is, without defenses against the terror of history -- the less chance he has of himself making history. For history either makes itself (as the result of the seed sown by acts that occurred in the past, several centuries or even several millennia ago; we will cite the consequences of the discovery of agriculture or metallurgy, or the Industrial Revolution in the eighteenth century, and so on) or it tends to be made by an increasingly smaller number of men who not only prohibit the mass of their contemporaries from directly or indirectly intervening in the history they are making (or which the small group is making), but in addition have at their disposal means sufficient to force each individual to endure, for his own part, the consequences of this history, that is, to live immediately and continuously in dread of history. Modern man's boasted freedom to make history is illusory for nearly the whole of the human race. At most, man is left free to choose between two positions: (1) to oppose the history that is being made by the very small minority (and, in this case, he is free to choose between suicide and deportation) (2) to take refuge in a subhuman existence or in flight. The 'freedom' that historical existence implies was possible -- and even then within certain limits -- at the beginning of the modern period, but it tends to

become inaccessible as the period becomes more historical, by which we mean more alien from any transhistorical model.¹⁰⁹

By conferring value on the historical event only modern man has fewer means of escape than primitive man, whose vision of reality lies outside history in myth. In this respect, Finnegans Wake mirrors the view of primitive man, for myth is a dominant element in the book.

Let us consider myth, its importance to archaic man, and its relation to Finnegans Wake. First, there is a distinction between dream, which is integral to the form and structure of Finnegans Wake, and myth. In Finnegans Wake Joyce is communicating his concept and experience of what a dream is like. What connection is there between the dreams we have and myth? In his book The Hero With a Thousand Faces Joseph Campbell describes the relation: "Dream is the personalized myth, myth the depersonalized dream; both myth and dream are symbolic in the same general way of the dynamics of the psyche. But in the dream the forms are quirked by the peculiar troubles of the dreamer, whereas in myth the problems and solutions shown are directly valid for all mankind."¹¹⁰ Eliade, in his book Myths, Dreams and Mysteries, describes the same connection between dreams and myth by coming closer to a definition of what myth is. For him, dream

. . . is not lived by the whole man and therefore cannot succeed in transforming a particular situation into one that is exemplary and universally valid. Admittedly, a dream may be deciphered, interpreted, and may thereby transmit its message in a more explicit manner. But in itself, considered simply in its own universe, the dream lacks the constitutive dimensions of the myth -- those of the exemplary and the universal. It is not assumed to be an unveiling of the nature of reality, nor is it the revelation of a type of behaviour which, being instituted by the Gods or civilizing Heroes, imposes itself as exemplary.¹¹¹

Dream, then, lacks the universal and exemplary characteristics of myth. Nevertheless it is related to myth, for as a product of the unconscious it is one of the few substitutes modern man has for myth. It is the unconscious which relates man to mythical times. In his book Myth and Reality Eliade says:

. . . the unconscious displays the structure of a private mythology. We can go even further and say not only that the unconscious is 'mythological' but also that some of its contents carry cosmic values; in other words, that they reflect the modalities, processes, and destiny of life and living matter. It can even be said that modern man's only real contact with cosmic sacrality is effected by the unconscious, whether in his dreams and his imaginative life or in the creations that arise out of the unconscious (poetry, games, spectacles, etc.)¹¹²

In making Finnegans Wake the communication of the dream, Joyce is drawing upon the unconscious, one of the few connections modern man has with myth. But Finnegans Wake is more than the communication of the dream relating to myth. Finnegans Wake is a myth in itself.

What, then, is myth? The word has several meanings for us, and it is well to clarify them. The word "myth" has the negative meaning of a story which is not true, not based upon fact. Eliade traces the development of this meaning:

. . . from the time of Xenophanes (ca. 565-470) -- who was the first to criticize and reject the 'mythological' expressions of the divinity employed by Homer and Hesiod -- the Greeks steadily continued to empty mythos of all religious and metaphysical value. Contrasted both with logos and, later, with historia, mythos came in the end to denote 'what cannot really exist.' On its side, Judaeo-Christianity put the stamp of 'falsehood' and 'illusion' on whatever was not justified or validated by the two Testaments.¹¹³

However, the word "myth" has an older meaning, which comes closer to myth as it was originally understood and practiced. According to

Eliade modern scholars are again returning to this primary meeting:

For the past fifty years at least, Western scholars have approached the study of myth from a viewpoint markedly different from, let us say, that of the nineteenth century. Unlike their predecessors, who treated myth in the usual meaning of the word, that is, as 'fable,' 'invention,' 'fiction,' they have accepted it as was understood in the archaic societies, here, on the contrary 'myth' means a 'true story' and, beyond that a story that is a most precious possession because it is sacred, exemplary, significant. This new semantic value given the term 'myth' makes its use in contemporary parlance somewhat equivocal. Today, that is, the word is employed both in the sense of 'fiction' or 'illusion' within that familiar especially to ethnologists, sociologists and historians of religions, the sense of 'sacred tradition, primordial revelation, exemplary model.'¹¹⁴

It is with the primitive meaning of myth that we chiefly are concerned, for this meaning is related to Finnegans Wake.

Let us look more closely at myth as primitive man saw it.

Eliade brings out the characteristics of myth which were vital to archaic man:

In general it can be said that myth, as experienced by archaic societies, (1) constitutes the History of the acts of the Supernaturals; (2) that this History is considered to be absolutely true (because it is concerned with realities) and sacred (because it is the work of the Supernaturals); (3) that myth is always related to a 'creation,' it tells how something came into existence, or how a pattern of behaviour, an institution, a manner of working were established; this is why myths constitute the paradigms for all significant human acts; (4) that by knowing the myth one knows the 'origin' of things and hence can control and manipulate them at will; this is not an 'external,' 'abstract' knowledge but a knowledge that one 'experiences' ritually, either by ceremonially recounting the myth or by performing the ritual for which it is the justification; (5) that in one way or another one 'lives' the myth, in the sense that one is seized by the sacred, exalting power of the events recollected or re-enacted.¹¹⁵

This is what myth meant to archaic man, and that is the meaning of myth as it is related to Finnegans Wake. But the application of myth, or the effect myth had on primitive man is important in understanding

Finnegans Wake. By repeating the actions of the gods, primitive man changes the effect of time on himself. As Eliade put it in Cosmos and History, " . . . any meaningful act, i.e. any repetition of an archetypal gesture, suspends duration, abolishes profane time, and participates in mythical time."¹¹⁶ It is the abolishing of our concept of linear time which Joyce achieves in Finnegans Wake. He renews the timeless concept of the dream by returning to the eternity of myth. His simultaneous use of the heroes of history and myth embodied in the figure of HCE abolishes linear time. There is thus a similarity between HCE and the beliefs connected with the primitive New Year ceremonies:

. . . the beliefs, held almost everywhere, according to which the dead return to their families (and often return as 'living Dead') at the New Year season (during the twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany) signify the hope that the abolition of time is possible at this mythical moment, in which the world is destroyed and recreated. The dead can come back now, for all barriers between the dead and the living are broken (is not primordial chaos reactualized?), and they will come back because at this paradoxical instant time will be suspended, hence they can again be contemporaries of the living.¹¹⁷

Since the heroes of history and myth are resurrected in HCE, Joyce accomplishes the abolishment of linear time. The past lives in the present. Time has ceased to separate these heroes; Joyce moves into a simultaneous time. In Finnegans Wake Joyce is creating his own myth, a myth that, like the myths of primitive man, frees him who experiences it from historical time and projects him into mythical time.

What is mythical time? Again let us compare the modern and primitive views of time. The primitive concept of time is that it is cyclical, periodically regenerating itself; the modern view is that of

"finite time, a fragment (though itself also cyclical) between two atemporal eternities."¹¹⁸ Primitive man's view comes from his belief in myth, which is a sacred history. Since myths are the "models for ceremonies that periodically reactualize the tremendous events that occurred at the beginning of time,"¹¹⁹ when archaic man performs these ceremonies, he is repeating the model activities and thus causing a regeneration of the cosmos and of society. These model activities, or paradigms, which the gods performed before time began, were the cause of all that exists in the world. Hence primitive man, by ceremonially repeating these acts, causes a regeneration of himself, his environment, and of time. By ceremonially re-enacting the myths, primitive man abolishes historical time. The characteristic of the historical event is that it is irreversible. It is done once and for all. But history is not irreversible for primitive man, because he constantly regenerates time:

. . . the primitive, by conferring a cyclic direction upon time, annuls its irreversibility. Everything begins over again at its commencement every instant. The past is but a prefiguration of the future. No event is irreversible and no transformation is final. In a certain sense, it is even possible to say that nothing new happens in the world, for everything is but the repetition of the same primordial archetypes; this repetition, by actualizing the mythical moment when archetypal gesture was revealed, constantly maintains the world in the same auroal instant of the beginnings. Time but makes possible the appearance and existence of things. It has no final influence upon their existence, since it is itself constantly regenerated.¹²⁰

It is this primitive view of time which is present in Finnegans Wake. Joyce achieves the reversibility of the historic event he manipulates. To give but one example, he has Napoleon defeat Wellington in the museum scene, thereby reversing the actual historical event.

Time is abolished more generally in Finnegans Wake. Since historical and mythical heroes are constantly being resurrected throughout the book in the figure of HCE, Joyce is in a sense re-enacting, or re-creating the mythical moment when these heroes existed. Time in Finnegans Wake is cyclical in the sense that prehistoric heroes are constantly appearing, so the reader is being forever carried back to the time of beginnings when these mythical heroes existed. Eliade identifies Finnegans Wake with "recent orientations that tend to reconfer value upon the myth of cyclical periodicity, even the myth of the eternal return."¹²¹ He says:

These orientations disregard not only historicism but even history as such. We believe we are justified in seeing in them, rather than a resistance to history, a revolt against historical time, an attempt to restore this historical time, freighted as it is with human experience, to a place in time that is cosmic, cyclical, and infinite. In any case it is worth noting that the work of two of the most significant writers of our day -- T.S. Eliot and James Joyce -- is saturated with nostalgia for the myth of eternal repetition and, in the last analysis, for the abolition of time.¹²²

Finnegans Wake is not nostalgic for the abolishment of time, for in it historical time has already disappeared.

Joyce's attitude towards the beginning and end is also similar to that of primitive man. In Myth and Reality, Eliade describes the attitude of the Mesopotamians as shown in their New Year ceremonies: " . . . examining the New Year rites more closely, we realize that the Mesopotamians felt that the beginning was organically connected with an end that preceded it, that this 'end' was of the same nature as the 'Chaos' preceding Creation, and that hence the end was indispensable for every new beginning."¹²³ The book form with its sequence of pages

prevents the end of Finnegans Wake from being united with the beginning. But the last sentence of Finnegans Wake is broken off and resumes itself at the beginning of the book. However, the end of Finnegans Wake is more closely identified with its beginning than this.

Joyce uses the myth of the eternal return in the structure of Finnegans Wake. Let us see what this myth is. In Myths, Dreams and Mysteries Eliade describes it: "The myth of the end of the world is of universal occurrence; it is already to be found among primitive peoples still at the paleolithic stage of culture, such as the Australians, and it recurs in the great historic civilizations, Babylonian, Indian, Mexican and Greco-Latin. This is the myth of the periodic destruction and re-creation of worlds, the cosmological formula of the myth of the eternal return."¹²⁴ This myth nullifies the idea that death is an end. Death is seen as necessary for a new beginning. Therefore life itself is constant, even though it must go through several transformations:

. . . the terror of the end of the world has never, in any non-European culture, succeeded in paralysing either Life or Culture. The expectation of the cosmic catastrophe is indeed agonizing, but the anxiety is religiously and culturally integrated. The end of the world is never absolute; it is always followed by the creation of a new, regenerated world. For, to non-Europeans, Life and the Spirit are unique in this, that they can never definitively disappear.¹²⁵

The death of the world was viewed by primitive man in the same way as the death of an individual. Death was merely a process necessary for rebirth:

. . . the man of the archaic societies strove to conquer death by according it such an importance that, in the final reckoning, death ceased to present itself as a cessation and became a rite of passage. In other words, to the primitive one is for ever dying to the profane

life. In short, death comes to be regarded as a supreme initiation, namely, as the beginning of a new spiritual existence. Furthermore, generation, death and regeneration were understood as three moments of this same mystery, and all the spiritual energy of archaic man was exerted to show that between these moments there ought to be no division. One cannot stop in any one of these three moments, one cannot instal oneself anywhere, either in death, for instance, or in generation. The movement -- the regeneration -- always continues: the cosmogony is tirelessly repeated¹²⁶

One cannot stand still or find one's niche in Finnegans Wake. HCE rises again, and all the figures of history and myth are constantly being resurrected with him. There is a constant renewal of characters and events. HCE becomes the earth at the end of the book and then rises at the beginning. He thus traces the pattern of the mythic hero, who suffers, dies, and is resurrected. Joseph Campbell in his book The Hero With a Thousand Faces puts the pattern in more general terms when he speaks of the work of Arnold Toynbee:

The hero is the man of self-achieved submission. But submission to what? That precisely is the riddle that today we have to ask ourselves and that it is everywhere the primary virtue and historic deed of the hero to have solved. As Professor Arnold J. Toynbee indicates in his six-volume study of the laws of the rise and distintegration of civilizations, schism in the soul, schism in the body social, will not be resolved by any scheme of return to the good old days (archaism), or by programs guaranteed to render an ideal projected future (futurism), or even by the most realistic, hardheaded work to weld together again the deteriorating elements. Only birth can conquer death -- the birth, not of the old thing again, but of something new. Within the soul, within the body social, there must be -- if we are to experience long survival -- a continuous 'recurrence of birth' (palingenesia) to nullify the unremitting recurrences of death. For it is by means of our own victories, if we are not regenerated, that the work of Nemesis is wrought: doom breaks from the shell of our very virtue. Peace then is a snare; war a snare; change is a snare; permanence a snare. When our day is come for the victory of death, death closes in; there is nothing we can do, except be crucified -- and resurrected; dismembered totally, and then reborn.¹²⁷

The pattern of the mythic hero is just as much a necessity in Finnegans

Wake. The myth of the eternal return is embodied in the life, death and resurrection cycle of HCE.

There is another element in the myth of the eternal return that Joyce uses, perhaps unconsciously, in Finnegans Wake. This is the idea of chaos. Since the world was in a state of chaos before the gods ordered it, part of the application of the primitive myths is a ceremonial return to this state. In the initiation rites of primitive youths, who are "reborn" as men by means of the ceremony, the initiatory death is an essential part of the ritual. In Myths, Dreams and Mysteries Eliade says: "The initiatory death repeats this exemplary return to Chaos in order to make possible a renewal of the cosmogony; that is, to prepare for the new birth. The regression into Chaos is sometimes realised literally -- as for instance in the initiatory illnesses of the future shamans, which in many cases were regarded as actual madness. We find, in fact, a total crisis, occasionally leading to the disintegration of the personality."¹²⁸ In other words, the youth who is to become a shaman realizes the cosmic cycle in his own personality: he goes through a ritual death and chaos, in which his personality disintegrates, in order to be reborn as a shaman. It must be kept in mind that this destructive process had for its sole purpose a new creation.

Eliade relates the madness of the future shaman to the literary creation: "Upon another plane of reference, we can also understand why the future shaman, before becoming a wise man, must first know 'madness' and go down into darkness; and why creativity is always found in relation to some 'madness' or 'orgy' involved with the symbolism of death

and darkness."¹²⁹ Artistic creativity is linked with madness, just as in myth the birth of the cosmos is preceded by chaos.

We can see Finnegans Wake as a form of chaos. First, Joyce has destroyed the English language as we know it, and has created a language of his own -- a chaotic language with which to communicate the dream. But Eliade sees Joyce's work as part of a larger literary movement. In Myth and Reality he states:

The destruction of artistic languages was accomplished by cubism, dadaism, and surrealism, by atonality and 'musique concrète,' by James Joyce, Becket, and Ionesco. Only the epigones are left furiously demolishing what has already been demolished. For . . . the genuine creators are not willing to take their stand on ruins. Everything leads us to believe that the reduction of 'artistic Universes' to the primordial state of materia prima is only a phase in a more complex process; just as in the cyclic conceptions of the archaic and traditional societies 'Chaos,' the regression of all forms to the indistinction of the materia prima, is followed by a new Creation, which can be homologized with a cosmogony.¹³⁰

Joyce could have destroyed the language and made something lucid out of it. But he did not choose to do so. For the ordinary reader, Finnegans Wake remains a barrier of unintelligibility, even though as I have shown, this unintelligibility is justified within Joyce's artistic purpose. What I am saying is that even though Joyce has destroyed the language, and brought it to a state of apparent chaos, he has not caused it to be re-born -- it remains in a state of chaos. It is of no matter whether critics say how intelligent and broad this scope of chaos is -- it is nevertheless chaos to read and Joyce intended it to be so.

Joyce's destruction of the English language as we know it is not the only element of chaos in Finnegans Wake. The second element of chaos is present in the structure of the book, where the dead mythical

and historical heroes are simultaneously resurrected in the figure of HCE, just as the dead are united with the living in the beliefs connected with the primitive New Year ceremonies. I have already used this example from Eliade's Cosmos and History to illustrate the mythical rupture of linear time: "The dead can come back now [that is, during the twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany], for all barriers between the dead and the living are broken (is not primordial chaos reactualized?) and they will come back because at this paradoxical instant time will be suspended, hence they can again be contemporaries of the living."¹³¹ Both in the language and structure of his book, Joyce returns to the state of chaos, which can be seen as a necessity for the rebirth of literary art, a rebirth which I do not think Joyce has accomplished in Finnegans Wake. Joyce has succeeded in abolishing historical time and returning to the mythical moment.

What has Joyce's use of the primitive attitude to myth got to do with his use of the commonplace? HCE, as well as being the heroes of history and myth, is an Irish bum. By way of contrast Earwicker is many mythical and historical heroes at the same time as he is a bum. But this abrupt contrast of the mythic and the commonplace is not the only way Joyce achieves his disconcerting, chaotic effect.

Joyce's view of the commonplace as shown in Finnegans Wake is akin to the primitive man's view of myth. For archaic man, myths are the reason for his being; myths made him what he is. In Myth and Reality Eliade says: "myths . . . narrate not only the origin of the World, of animals, of plants, and of man, but also all the primordial events in consequence of which man became what he is today -- mortal,

sexed, organized in a society, obliged to work in order to live, and working in accordance with certain rules."¹³² Myths are real to archaic man because they are the cause of what he is. In this sense, he derives his reality from myth. However, myths are real to him in a more practical sense. By imitating the example of the mythic heroes, archaic man becomes more real himself. His actions are real to him to the extent that they repeat the actions of mythic heroes. Therefore to primitive man "the foremost function of myth is to reveal the exemplary models for all human rites and all significant human activities -- diet or marriage, work or education, art or wisdom."¹³³ Human acts are significant because they derive their meaning from the reality of myth. Human acts -- those which do not arise from pure automation -- have a meaning and a value which "are not connected with their crude physical datum but with their property of reproducing a primordial act, of repeating a mythical example. Nutrition is not a simple physiological operation; it renews a communion. Marriage and the collective orgy echo mythical prototypes; they are repeated because they were consecrated in the beginning ('in those days,' in illo tempore, ab origine) by gods, ancestors, or heroes."¹³⁴ Thus, the reality of a human act derives from the reality myth has for primitive man. The reality is brought about by his repetition of primordial acts. For, as Eliade says in Cosmos and History, "among primitives, not only do rituals have their mythical model but any human act whatever acquires effectiveness to the extent to which it exactly repeats an act performed at the beginning of time by a god, a hero, or an ancestor."¹³⁵ We might conclude

from this that all these actions which repeat those of the gods are sacred in that they take on a meaning which transcends them. Conversely, any actions which have no mythical meaning are regarded as profane, because they lack the exemplary models.

Therefore it might be said that for primitive man there are very few commonplace activities because most of his actions take on a mythical value: "The archaic world knows nothing of 'profane' activities: every act which has a definite meaning - hunting, fishing, agriculture; games, conflicts, sexuality, -- in some way participates in the sacred. . . . the only profane activities are those which have no mythical meaning, that is, which lack exemplary models."¹³⁶ The mythical value of primitive man's actions derives from his repetition of the acts of the gods: "In the particulars of his conscious behaviour, the 'primitive,' the archaic man, acknowledge no act which has not been previously posited and lived by someone else, some other being who was not a man. What he does has been done before. His life is the ceaseless repetition of gestures initiated by others."¹³⁷ Thus we can say that the reality of primitive man's actions is based on repetition. For him, nothing is new. He initiates no new, original acts because every act has been done before.

However, primitive man's lack of originality is not unique. Modern man discovers that his free, original human acts only participate in a larger pattern of human behaviour. As Joseph Campbell puts it in The Hero With a Thousand Faces: "Looking back at what had promised to be our own unique, unpredictable, and dangerous adventure,

all we find in the end is such a series of standard metamorphoses as men and women have undergone in every quarter of the world, in all recorded centuries, and under every odd disguise of civilization."¹³⁸ Not only have modern man's free, original actions been proven to be but part of a more general pattern but not even his thoughts are that original. Campbell says, "Bastian was led to speak of the appalling monotony of the fundamental ideas of mankind all over the globe."¹³⁹ It is becoming apparent that man's actions and aspirations are not new; that they are in fact very old. Or as Eliade puts it in Myth and Reality: "Today we are beginning to realize that what is called 'initiation' coexists with the human condition, that every existence is made up of an unbroken series of 'ordeals,' 'deaths,' and 'resurrections,' whatever be the terms that modern language uses to express these originally religious experiences."¹⁴⁰ In other words, man's actions and ideas are part of a universal pattern, and this pattern, as well as being manifested in every race and religion, is present in primitive myth.

The fact that man's actions and ideas are part of a universal pattern can be put another way: history repeats itself. This does not mean that events and ideas are duplicated; it means that they are part of cycles which periodically recur, just as the seasonal cycles recur each year but with infinite variations within them. Joyce's use of the theory of the cyclical periodicity of history of Giovanni Battista Vico (1668 - 1744), Italian jurist and philosopher, is yet another variation on the old idea that history repeats itself. In his book James Joyce, Harry Levin describes Vico's theory:

The pattern of repetition, as established by Vico and followed by Joyce, is a historical version of Dante's eschatology: Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso. Three consecutive periods are characterized as divine, heroic, and civil. Each period contributes its characteristic institution (religion, marriage, and burial rites) and its corresponding virtue (piety, honor, and duty). The inarticulate dark ages give way to the fabulous, and then the historical, forms of literary expression; the original hieroglyphic language is succeeded by metaphorical speech, and at length by an epistolary style and a profane vernacular. The rise of cities is the sum of three epochs of man's activity, yet the ruins of bygone civilization foreshadow the fall of cities.¹⁴¹

The fourth epoch in Vico's philosophy of history is a cyclic return to the first period.¹⁴² The theory is but another form of the primitive man's belief that life moves in cycles, whether on the spiritual or the physical level.

Joyce, in his simultaneous use of myth, the history of ideas and events, and the activities of Here Comes Everybody in Finnegans Wake, is making use of the commonplace actions and ideas of the whole human race. But they are commonplace only in the sense that they are common to all of mankind.

Thus we can distinguish two opposite meanings in the word "commonplace," both of which Joyce applies in Finnegans Wake. The first meaning of "commonplace" is related to the cliché. The cliché makes speech commonplace because it is only one way of expressing an idea and that way no longer fits the idea. Because of this, the cliché bears very little or no relation to the idea it is supposed to express. The cliché, then, is almost empty of meaning since it bears so little relation to the idea it endeavours to convey. Usually the person who uses clichés is unaware of their inadequacy, of the fact that they convey little or no meaning.

Not so with Joyce. His use of clichés in Finnegans Wake shows his awareness of their inadequacy. One of the contents of the book is clichés, but the language that they form is no longer empty and one-sided, but full of meaning and many-faceted. Joyce has exploded the cliché to form a language which is super-saturated with meaning. And this brings us to the second connotation of the word "commonplace."

The word has a more general meaning of "common to us all," a meaning which Joyce also applies to Finnegans Wake. By his use of the heroes and patterns of history and myth in the life, death and resurrection of Here Comes Everybody, Joyce draws upon universal commonplaces, all of which have a mythic meaning in our day-to-day existence.

However, "commonplace" still has derogatory overtones. When we say that an action or an idea is commonplace, we can mean that it is ordinary, dull and that it has no interest for us. But the word in this sense can only be used by an observer, an outsider, a person who is not participating in the action or thinking the idea. In other terms, the word used in this sense is a judgment upon the person who speaks it. He is unaware of the relation of this action or idea to him; he is unaware of just how commonplace it is, of the fact that every idea and action participates to some extent in a larger pattern. This unawareness cannot be attributed to Joyce who, in his use of the commonplace in Finnegans Wake, multiplies the facets of the cliché in his complex language, and merges the multiple levels of human experience and perception with the daily and nightly existence of the pub owner, Here Comes Everybody.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹Ellmann, James Joyce, 603.
- ²Ellmann, Joyce, 610.
- ³Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 265.
- ⁴Burgess, HCE, 265-266.
- ⁵Burgess, HCE, 266-267.
- ⁶Ellmann, James Joyce, 596.
- ⁷Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 267-268.
- ⁸Ellmann, James Joyce, 596-597.
- ⁹Ellmann, Joyce, 597.
- ¹⁰Ibid., 597.
- ¹¹Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 265.
- ¹²Burgess, HCE, 264.
- ¹³Ellmann, James Joyce, 559.
- ¹⁴Ibid., 559.
- ¹⁵Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 188-189.
- ¹⁶Ellmann, James Joyce, 559.
- ¹⁷Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 189.
- ¹⁸Burgess, HCE, 218.
- ¹⁹Burgess, HCE, 271.
- ²⁰Ibid., 271.
- ²¹Ellmann, James Joyce, 562.
- ²²Ellmann, Joyce, 559.
- ²³Fowler, A Dictionary of Modern English Usage, 601-602.
- ²⁴Atherton, The Books at the Wake, 16.

- ²⁵ Atherton, Books, 23.
- ²⁶ Boldereff, Reading Finnegans Wake, 44.
- ²⁷ Ibid., 44.
- ²⁸ Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 49.
- ²⁹ Glasheen, Census, 81.
- ³⁰ Ibid., 81.
- ³¹ Glasheen, Census, 83.
- ³² Ibid., 83.
- ³³ Ibid., 83.
- ³⁴ Boldereff, Reading Finnegans Wake, 147, Dr. Eugene O'Curry is author of the book Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish.
- ³⁵ Boldereff, Reading FW, 99.
- ³⁶ Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 81.
- ³⁷ Glasheen, Census, 35.
- ³⁸ Boldereff, Reading Finnegans Wake, 31-33.
- ³⁹ Atherton, The Books at the Wake, 59, in Hugh Kenner, Dublin's Joyce (London: Chatto and Windus, 1955), 327.
- ⁴⁰ Ellmann, James Joyce, 565-566.
- ⁴¹ Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 195.
- ⁴² Boldereff, Reading Finnegans Wake, 202.
- ⁴³ Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 195.
- ⁴⁴ Campbell and Robinson, A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, 63.
- ⁴⁵ Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 120.
- ⁴⁶ Partridge, A Dictionary of Clichés, 221.
- ⁴⁷ Partridge, A Dictionary of Clichés, 124.
- ⁴⁸ Brewer, Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, 332.
- ⁴⁹ Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 186.

- ⁵⁰Campbell and Robinson, A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, 40.
- ⁵¹Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 189.
- ⁵²Campbell and Robinson, A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, 41.
- ⁵³Joyce, A First-Draft Version of Finnegans Wake, 51.
- ⁵⁴*Ibid.*, 51.
- ⁵⁵Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 38.
- ⁵⁶Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 204.
- ⁵⁷Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 272.
- ⁵⁸*Ibid.*, 272.
- ⁵⁹Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 200.
- ⁶⁰Burgess, HCE, 193.
- ⁶¹Brewer, Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, 1320.
- ⁶²Brewer, Phrase and Fable, 1247.
- ⁶³Encyclopaedia Britannica, XXVII (1911), 293.
- ⁶⁴*Ibid.*, 293.
- ⁶⁵Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 260.
- ⁶⁶*Ibid.*, 260.
- ⁶⁷*Ibid.*, 260.
- ⁶⁸Encyclopaedia Britannica, XIII (1910), 840.
- ⁶⁹Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 119.
- ⁷⁰Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 192.
- ⁷¹Burgess, HCE, 197.
- ⁷²Campbell and Robinson, A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, 20-21.
- ⁷³Campbell and Robinson, Key, 20-21.
- ⁷⁴Hodgart and Worthington, Song in the Works of James Joyce, 142.

- ⁷⁵ Joyce, A First-Draft Version of Finnegans Wake, 209.
- ⁷⁶ Brewer, Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, 538.
- ⁷⁷ Campbell and Robinson, A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, 17-18.
- ⁷⁸ Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 162.
- ⁷⁹ Glasheen, Census, 161.
- ⁸⁰ Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 212.
- ⁸¹ Hodgart and Worthington, Song in the Works of James Joyce, 103.
- ⁸² Campbell and Robinson, A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, 73.
- ⁸³ Hodgart and Worthington, Song in the Works of James Joyce, 93.
- ⁸⁴ Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 204.
- ⁸⁵ Burgess, HCE, 192.
- ⁸⁶ Burgess, HCE, 244.
- ⁸⁷ Burgess, HCE, 199.
- ⁸⁸ Campbell and Robinson, A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, 18.
- ⁸⁹ Glasheen, A Second Census of Finnegans Wake, 244.
- ⁹⁰ Glasheen, Census, 56.
- ⁹¹ Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 212.
- ⁹² Burgess, HCE, 207.
- ⁹³ Ibid., 207.
- ⁹⁴ Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 198.
- ⁹⁵ Burgess, HCE, 254.
- ⁹⁶ Burgess, HCE, 262.
- ⁹⁷ Ibid., 262.
- ⁹⁸ Burgess, HCE, 196.
- ⁹⁹ Burgess, HCE, 194.

- ¹⁰⁰Ibid., 194.
- ¹⁰¹Eliade, Cosmos and History, 3.
- ¹⁰²Eliade, C&H, 98.
- ¹⁰³Eliade, C&H, 97-98.
- ¹⁰⁴Eliade, C&H, 91.
- ¹⁰⁵Ibid., 91.
- ¹⁰⁶Eliade, C&H, 141.
- ¹⁰⁷Burgess, Here Comes Everybody, 191.
- ¹⁰⁸Eliade, Cosmos and History, 154.
- ¹⁰⁹Eliade, C&H, 156-157.
- ¹¹⁰Campbell, The Hero With a Thousand Faces, 19.
- ¹¹¹Eliade, Myths, Dreams and Mysteries, 16.
- ¹¹²Eliade, Myth and Reality, 77.
- ¹¹³Eliade, M&R, 1-2.
- ¹¹⁴Eliade, M&R, 1.
- ¹¹⁵Eliade, M&R, 18-19.
- ¹¹⁶Eliade, Cosmos and History, 36.
- ¹¹⁷Eliade, C&H, 62.
- ¹¹⁸Eliade, Cosmos and History, 112.
- ¹¹⁹Eliade, C&H, viii.
- ¹²⁰Eliade, C&H, 89-90.
- ¹²¹Eliade, C&H, 153.
- ¹²²Ibid., 153.
- ¹²³Eliade, Myth and Reality, 48.
- ¹²⁴Eliade, Myths, Dreams and Mysteries, 243.

- ¹²⁵Eliade, MDM, 243-244.
- ¹²⁶Eliade, MDM, 226.
- ¹²⁷Campbell, The Hero With a Thousand Faces, 16-17.
- ¹²⁸Eliade, Myths, Dreams and Mysteries, 224.
- ¹²⁹Eliade, MDM, 225.
- ¹³⁰Eliade, Myth and Reality, 190.
- ¹³¹Eliade, Cosmos and History, 62.
- ¹³²Eliade, Myth and Reality, 11.
- ¹³³Eliade, M&R, 8.
- ¹³⁴Eliade, Cosmos and History, 4.
- ¹³⁵Eliade, C&H, 22.
- ¹³⁶Eliade, C&H, 27-28.
- ¹³⁷Eliade, C&H, 5.
- ¹³⁸Campbell, The Hero With a Thousand Faces, 12-13.
- ¹³⁹Campbell, Hero, 18.
- ¹⁴⁰Eliade, Myth and Reality, 202.
- ¹⁴¹Levin, James Joyce, 144-145.
- ¹⁴²Levin, Joyce, 145.

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